





GAVE HIM A MOST UNTHEATRICAL KISS.



ACK PRICE was my chum and a very lucky fellow. His luck did not stop at our friendship, it literally chased him through life.

Jack was perpetually falling in love or in debt, but Dame Fortune invariably pulled him out.

He never lost a toss, he never got jilted, and I verily believe that he never lost his temper or had a genuine bilious attack.

Jack was perfectly oblivious of his good luck. When at school I can well remember the head master calling him "an atrocious bad lot," and he has studiously lived up to that character as long as I have known him. Nevertheless, as I write, my friend is jubilant in the possession of a charming wife and a comfortable income, while I, who have always behaved myself tolerably well, have sunk, as you see, into an abject state of journalism.

On leaving school I went into an office in the City, Jack went to stay with a doting aunt. We corresponded regularly, and his letters were full of glowing descriptions of hunting, cricket, and dancing, varied with touching episodes of calf-love. Then Jack left the doting aunt, and came to town to walk the hospitals.

He took rooms adjoining my own, and suggested that I should show him round the town. I very soon found, however,



THE WHISKY AND PIPES FAIRLY GOING.

that his pace was too rapid, and that the process of "showing round" was not consistent with early rising to catch the City train, or with a clear head for business. So Jack left me.

About four years after I got some work on an evening paper, and moved into a cosy set of rooms in Staples Inn. My friend reappeared on the scene and started a series of intermittent visits, generally for the purpose of getting my "wholesome advice." As soon as the whisky and pipes

were fairly going, he would begin, "My dear fellow, you may not believe me, but I am fearfully hard up," or "I say, old chap, I believe I am in love."

Sometimes I offered money, which he took, and sometimes advice, which he ignored.

Then came an evening when he appeared with a very doleful face and a new suit of black.

"You'll be grieved to hear, old chap, that the aunt is dead. Poor old girl, she died quite suddenly, and left me all her money. I had better repay the shekels while the sun shines." He seemed really unhappy, and when we parted said dolefully, "I hope I shall see more of you now, Chowles; I am going to settle down in earnest."

For months I lost sight of my friend, and began to think that he really had "settled down in earnest," when I received

the following note, which made me think that Jack's luck had turned at last.

I give his letter in full:

"Dear Chowles,

"I am in a terrible fix, and, as is only natural under the circs., I come to you, my oldest friend, for that wholesome advice you are always so ready to give. To cut a long story short, I have lost all the dear aunt's legacy in that beastly 'New Treasury Gold Mine.'

"A friend of mine on 'Change said the

'Treasury' was a safe thing, so I bought all the shares I could get hold of, and now, as you know, the thing has gone to pot. Apart from the actual loss of money, I am daily expecting a call on my shares. In an ordinary way I might have gone bankrupt



HE WAS LEANING BACK ON THE COUCH.

and pulled round in time; but, *I am engaged*. Don't laugh, old man, I am terribly serious. She is an actress. I daresay you have often heard of Miss Belward of the 'Folly.' She is the sweetest girl I have ever met, and awfully clever (I am sure you will like her), but she has been used to comfort, and I can never expect her to marry a penniless medical student.

"Meet me at the Monico to-morrow at six sharp. Miss B. is going to dine with me, perhaps for the last time. I have written to tell her all about it, and if she

throws me off I shall want some solid consolation.—Yours,
"JACK."

"P.S.—Miss B. appears the same evening in the new play 'Love or Gold.'"

As luck would have it, I had been told off to criticise "Love or Gold." So, wiring my acceptance, I began to turn the matter over in my mind.

A terrible fix, truly. Here was the casual easy-going Jack, his money lost, and on the brink of bankruptcy, pinning his faith to a pretty pampered actress. Luckily he expects to be jilted, I thought. That may take the edge off, and perhaps after all the bankruptcy will serve to wake him up—to make him put his shoulder to the wheel.

The thought of Jack compelled to work in earnest was a very grim joke. I arrived at the Monico punctually at six o'clock, and made my way to the Grand Salon. In the corner of the room, on the very seat that had oftentimes heard our dramatic opinions in the days ago, sat Jack. He was leaning back on the couch, his hands behind his head, and gazing intently, very intently, at the lady opposite. I came up just as the waiter arrived with soup.

"Punctual as usual," said Jack. "Let me introduce you to Miss Belward."

Miss Belward smiled as she shook hands.

"I have heard so much about you. Jack tells me that you are a critic—you don't look very severe. I usually have a horrid dread of the gentlemen of the Press."

She was certainly very pretty. Regular features, full red lips, and deep blue eyes, set wide apart in a pale face. She was quietly but fashionably dressed in black, a bunch of Neapolitan violets at

her neck, and a heavy sable boa thrown over her shoulders.

Jack ran on in his old irresponsible style, more like a schoolboy than a love-lorn swain on the verge of bankruptcy. Miss Belward laughed and chattered away, and I was only too glad to get off with an occasional monosyllable.

Truly the "sweetest girl" did not look much like an empty-headed flirt, but then of course she was an actress, and a clever one too.

Presently the conversation touched the play, and Miss Belward becoming suddenly very serious, turned to me.

"It is a very strong plot, and I like my part immensely. I have one splendid love scene which, by the bye, Jack hates. He is comically jealous at rehearsals. The whole thing is staged in superb style; Isaac Vanderkist is financing us. You know Mr. Vanderkist?"

"Yes," I said. "Everyone knows I. Vanderkist. I suppose he is one of the biggest financiers on the London Stock Exchange. People say that merely to be seen with him means unlimited credit."

"Well," resumed Miss Belward, "Mr. Vanderkist is financing us, and his great idea is that the play shall be superbly staged. He is very flattering about my acting."

"That Vanderkist is a regular Shylock," put in Jack. "He may be omniscient about stocks, but he doesn't know much about acting. Of course he could not help admiring you if he tried."

Miss Belward smiled.

"More comic jealousy," she whispered.

Jack called for the bill, and taking out a sovereign, threw it down with the large style of a millionaire. As we were



"ACH, MY FRIEND."

putting on our coats I heard Miss Belward ask the waiter for the bill. She looked at it for a moment, and then, turning to the man, said with the air of a Lady Macbeth, "What is this? You know very well that we have had neither Olives nor Camembert. No, it's not a mistake, and if it happens again I shall report you." The man put down the overcharge, and as Jack pocketed it with a surprised grin, the actress said softly, "You are really very prodigal, Jack. I suppose that is why you buy shares in the 'New Treasury.'"

We drove to the theatre, and were leaving Miss Belward at the stage door, when she called me back and whispered, "I am going to try and put poor Jack right with those horrid shares. Oh, here is Mr. Vanderkist. Let me introduce you." Then, to my surprise, she took the prospectus of the "New Treasury Gold Mine" from her pocket, and put it carefully in her muff.

"She is a plucky woman," I thought, and the next minute I was talking to the great Lion of the 'Change. We talked, of course, about the play. Mr. Vanderkist's remarks showed him to be a man of some taste and more shrewdness. They also showed him to be a German Jew of a particularly well-informed variety.

"Ach, my friend, you will see zat zis plai has what you call grip. It catch you first by the trote, and make your blood stop quite still. That is the tragedy. Then it leave your trote and tickle you soft, soft in the stomach. That is the comedy. Then, when you are dizzy with laughter, zis plai come scft, soft, and lay its finger on your heart. That is when Miss Belward is on the scene. What, eh? Ach, it is true. You shall see."

Miss Belward was laughing — a soft, stagey, farcical

laugh. She chattered on, waving and gesticulating with the "New Treasury" prospectus.

Suddenly there was a scrimmage in the passage where we stood, and the call-boy appeared. He was very red in the face, and burst out, "Miss Belward? Oh, please miss, the overture has begun!"

"Oh dear," said that lady excitedly. "What ever shall I do? I've only seven minutes to dress and make up. Hold this for me, Mr. Vanderkist."

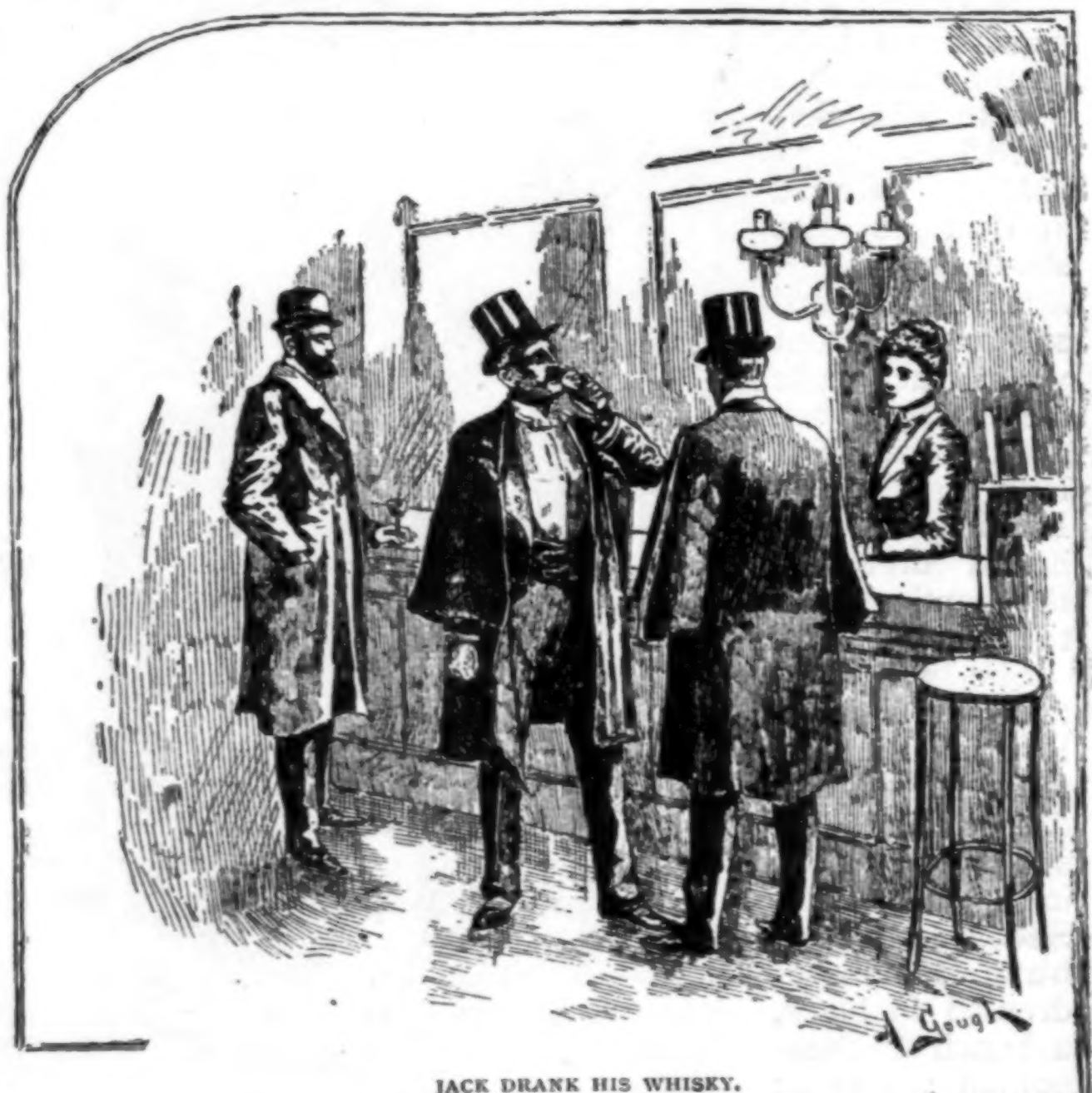
She thrust the "New Treasury" prospectus into the Jew's hand, and ran off.

Mr. Vanderkist looked at the paper in his hand, put it into his coat-tail pocket, and together we went round to the stalls.

In the theatre, the orchestra was playing Suppe's "Pique Dame." With a lugubrious expression altogether out of keeping with the music, Jack was talking to a young man wearing a glorious shirt front and seals. As I came up Jack was saying,

"Then there is no chance?"

"I'm afraid not, old man," answered the other. "The 'New Treasury' is to all intents and purposes busted."



JACK DRANK HIS WHISKY.

Jack turned to me, "This is my stock-broker, Mr. Jameson."

"Are you a regular first-nighter, Mr. Jameson?" I said.

"Yes, you will always find a large contingent of stockbrokers on these occasions," he replied. "I've already counted thirty of our fellows here to-night. Why, there is Vanderkist," and he strolled off.

Jack asked me what I thought of his *fiancée*. Of course I told him she was charming. "And she certainly likes you," I said, "I can see that."

Jack looked at me with an expression that was funny in its wretchedness, and answered, "Wait till you see her act."

Vanderkist, the prospectus sticking out of his pocket, was talking to a circle of stockbrokers, each of whom, before leaving him, cast a furtive glance at the paper.

Then the play began.

I have no intention of giving you a criticism here, that can be found in its proper column of my paper. I will only say that "Love or Gold" was a *coat and waistcoat* drama of the modern approved type. A well-wrought plot, many situations and more social impossibilities.

Jack spoilt my proper appreciation of the first act with a long abuse of the title of the play. "Why 'Love or Gold'?" said he, "as if it were not possible to have both, or neither."

At the end of the act we adjourned for refreshment. Jack drank his whisky with a bored air. "I shan't go in for the next act," he said, "it's such atrocious rot; but you had better go and see her make love. That is exactly what she does, she *makes* it. So I shall stop here."

In the stalls I found the Stock Exchange contingent gazing casually at Vanderkist through their glasses. The financial lion was lolling back in his seat, carefully reading the prospectus of the "New Treasury Gold Mine." Jameson touched me on the shoulder, and whispered, "Jove, there is a chance for Jack's shares yet. All the fellows are talking about the mine. They say that Vanderkist is *on*. Mark my words, there will be a large demand for 'Treasures' on Monday, or my name is not Norval." Then he went off to find Jack.

So this was Miss Belward's plan. Far from Jack's luck turning, Dame Fortune was chivvying him again in hot haste, or was she merely coquetting with an old flame?

I think I lost the best part of Miss

Belward's love scene, but I saw her glance enquiringly at Jack's empty stall. I heard the deafening applause; I saw Vanderkist hand up a large bouquet of orchids; and last but not least I saw, upright in the midst of the bouquet, that "Treasury" prospectus.

The Stock Exchange contingent saw it too. One of them leant over and said with a knowing wink to his friend, "That 'Treasury Mine' is a certain tip, old man. Vanderkist has put Miss B. up to it. If anyone knows, he does."

Jack's *fiancée*, determined to secure the success of her plot, carefully dropped the prospectus and came forward, amid renewed applause, to carry it off in triumph.

After the play, Jack and I went round to the stage door. Miss Belward was waiting for us. The rouge was still on her cheeks, and gave her a delicious flush.

"Well, how did it go?" she exclaimed.

"A 1," said Jack, "and your acting was very near perfection."

"You silly goose! I don't mean the play; I mean my plan."

Would you believe it? Jack knew nothing of the scheme that was to restore him to wealth, ease, and matrimony. I hastened to explain that the "New Treasury" shares had ascended from worthlessness to value.

Then this actress gave my friend a very untheatrical kiss, and as she followed him into a cab she said to me, "Now, mind that you don't forget your part. Mind you mention that Mr. Vanderkist was observed to give a Company prospectus to the *clever* exponent of, &c., &c. And oh, please, Mr. Critic, *do* give me a good notice."

Here is the next letter I received from Jack.

"Dear Chowles,

"Congratulate me. I have sold all my 'New Treasury' shares at a premium. There was a big demand on Monday. Our wedding is fixed for Thursday. Clarice hopes you will come; she wants you to describe her dresses.—Yours, "JACK."

I met Mr. Vanderkist at the wedding. He wore a gorgeous button-hole and an even more gorgeous smile, and began at once in his broken English, "That was a *vair* great sell that *affaer* of the 'New Treasury Mine'; but now I can understand it. Miss Belward, she sell the Public, and this bridegroom, Mr. Jack Price, he is the Selling Price. Ha, ha! *vair* goot, *vair* goot, eh?"



FEW places afford such ample material to the student of humannature in general, and the *people* in particular, as Lea Bridge Road and the vicinity. It is here the gentry from Mile End, Whitechapel, and Shoreditch, love

to spend their leisure moments; and the multiplicity of ever varying incidents, humorous, pathetic and otherwise, that are continually occurring, would serve well as matter for pages upon pages of fiction. In the following article I am presenting to my readers the plain and simple narrative of my visit to this East End Paradise.

Alighting from the train which runs from Shoreditch to Clapton, I turned down the Lea Bridge Road, and there, a stone's throw from the busy highway, a wide expanse of country meets the view. On either side of the way are green fields literally covered with enthusiastic cricketers; a little further on, the River Lea winds itself in and out the foliage, and is lost to sight amongst the Tottenham hills, and beyond is the good old Epping Forest.

The road crosses the river about a quarter of a mile from Clapton Highway, and here the worst of the visitors assemble; not caring to go further, they lean against the bridge with their faithful companion, the bull terrier, lying lazily at their feet; or stand about in groups, talking. They do not, as a rule, follow the strict etiquette of the banqueting saloon; on the contrary, they prefer to dine standing; that being so, the trotter merchant is in great demand, and those, who wish to begin with a fish course, can regale themselves from the whelk stalls, whose owners repudiate any insinuations as to their freshness with a little pugilistic display.

Boats may be hired from here, and the river presents a very lively spectacle. I stood looking over on the water beneath, and was much amused at the equipment of some of the crews, who from want of experience or some other cause seemed to have a tendency to dangle their legs high up in the air; this brings forth loud acclamations from those on *terra firma*, who, by the way, are not at all particular as to the expressions they use. A young fellow was passing, wearing the usual boating costume, when a gentleman, with a great display of pearl buttons over his clothes, thus accosted his friend on the other side of the bridge: "D'yer, Bill, 'ere's a toff what thinks he's down at 'enley!" This witty remark they enjoyed immensely, and both adjourned into the "pub" to have another "'arf."

The trams start from the other side



SyERIE
D'YRE EAR BILL: RES A COKE WHAT
THINKS HE'S DAWN AT 'ENLEY'

of the bridge, and for the sum of two-pence, you can enjoy a country ride as far as the "Rising Sun," which hostelry is within the very precincts of the Forest. I mounted the car, and took my seat; before long a very dirty, dilapidated individual, dragging a basket of nuts, came over, and almost falling on top of me, took a seat.

"Beg pardon (*hic*), sir," he said, and touched his hat, "would you give me a match?"

I complied, and consequently was nearly choked. After a short time he resumed:

"I'm very much upset, sir."

"Oh," said I, "how's that?"

"Well, sir, I've left the missus (excuse my clothes, sir) at home very ill."

"I'm sorry to hear that; what's the matter with her?"

"Well, sir, yer see I can't 'ardly tell (he scratched his head), I ain't a medical man, myself."

I thought no proof was necessary, and on a pressing invitation, I took some nuts and departed.

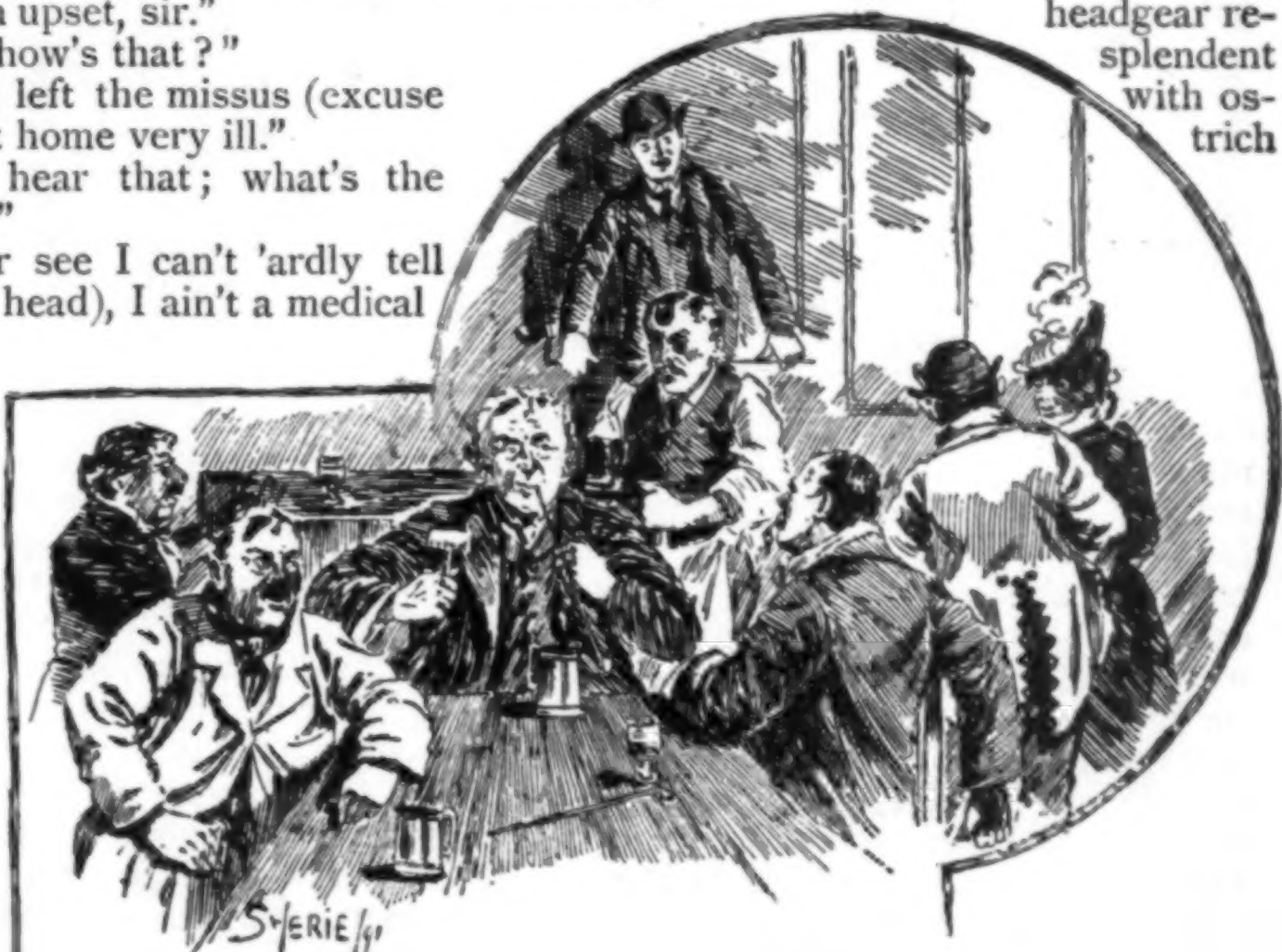
Passing on down the road, leaving the Water Works on the right, I came to as pretty a little country cottage as one would ever wish to see;

looking at the ivy-covered porch and well-kept garden, it is hard to realise that we are so near the great centre of hurry and bustle and the rushing stream of commerce. A little further on, you come to a number of glasshouses and flower-stalls, where the attendants stop the pleasure seeker with the cry "Buy a bunch, sir?—only sixpence, and all fresh cut this morning."

Many a squalid dwelling—where the beauties of nature are unknown—is made bright, and fresh, by a glimpse of the country, purchased from one of these places. Immediately beyond these horticultural boxes stands the "Greyhound," well known to all who have passed down the road; vehicles of all sorts and sizes are drawn up outside the door, and the bars re-echo with the jingle of glasses. At the side there is an archway, with the words "Pleasure Gardens" written up, and bills further inform the public that dancing assemblies are held, entrance to which may be obtained on payment of fourpence, certainly not a large expenditure for an evening's enjoyment.

I watched the stream of people passing through the barrier: now came a heavy swell, escorting his young lady, he paid his money and disappeared down a leafy lane, the foliage of which was interspersed with various coloured lights; immediately following came two girls, dressed in white,

headgear resplendent with ostrich



A SMOKING CONCERT.



MONDAY EVENING at
THE GREYHOUND DANCING &
PLEASURE GARDENS.

feathers, who likewise descended the incline. Being curious to see more, I was soon walking down the path where the huge trees on each side, almost hid the sky. Before going far, the strains of dance music caught my ear, and in another moment the scene changed, and it almost seemed as tho' we were transmitted to fairy land. In front there is a monster platform ablaze with light, and round an excellent band the lovers of Terpsichore were waltzing with great ardour; save for the covering overhead, it is quite open, and constructed in the shape of a huge roundabout, the band taking up its position in the centre. Here the mechanic and clerk, wearied with the dull routine of city life, seek pleasure and exercise to more fully fit them for their daily labour; here the shop girl, and those confined all day

to close and unhealthy work-rooms, to the strains of a merry tune forget their cares in the whirlpool of excitement.

It is amusing to look at the dancers, for all the niceties of a West End ball-room are neither looked for, nor expected, and all mistakes are laughed away, and the merry

trippers enjoy themselves in a thorough and hearty good old English fashion. It must not be thought that rowdyism and impropriety are reigning elements; on the contrary they are conspicuous by their absence, and anyone attempting anything of the sort is soon ejected.

As I walked away from the dancing platform, the other parts of the gardens come in view, a piece of ground about three acres in extent; there is an excellent lawn, and here and there gravel paths wind about the flower beds, and the whole is illuminated by a great number of fairy lamps of all colours. At intervals there are small outhouses, where happy lovers delight to sit and build their castles in the air. And even then as I passed, the soft laugh of two evidently in that interesting state could be heard. At the

extreme end is a proscenium and platform where at times variety shows are held, and in front of this the late Professor Higgins made his first descent with his parachute, before a gathering some 15,000 strong.

Mr. Shepherd, the genial host, is very popular, and pointed out with pride some of his oldest customers, who, he informed me, came regularly year after year to enjoy the light fantastic.

On leaving the grounds, I went up a flight of steps, which led into a long room, where a smoking concert was being held. There sat the chairman, with a large churchwarden and pot of beer, nodding to one and shaking hands with another, as the fresh arrivals entered, with the air of a man who quite considered himself master of the ceremonies. In a corner of the room, at the piano, an old man with a very red face, which told its own story, sat fingering the keys, and when a singer was announced, amid much hubbub and applause the vocalist attempted to give his accompanist, some idea of the tune; this done to their mutual satisfaction, the song commenced, and being a popular one, the chorus was sung out right merrily by the audience, followed by a copious supply of beer.

We next come to the "Hare and Hounds," which is on the other side of the road, and judging from the traffic, I should think it enjoys almost as much patronage as the "Greyhound." As I arrived, a small group was being photographed, and the smile on the face of the gentleman, with a girl on either side of him, was something to be remembered. All would have gone well had not a donkey kicked the photographer, whose

language I refrain from repeating. Outside the bar was another group, musically inclined; one girl was playing a tin whistle, with the head of her admirer laid lovingly on her shoulder, whilst her three companions were dancing.

The brakes that run to the "Eagle" stop here, and now a school treat pulled up, to "water the horses." Donkey carts, waggonettes, and every description of vehicular traffic were drawn up, several musical instruments were being played, niggers were singing, and the whole made up one huge muddled medley.

There is a steep hill to ascend now, and I stopped to see what looked like a very serious smash-up. A light van had come into collision with a dogcart, the latter being in a mangled condition. The re-

spective jehus, however, did not take the matter to heart, for, throwing the damaged conveyance



into the van, and tying the knock-kneed pony on behind, they and their friends mounted and made a fresh start to the chorus of "Hi-tiddley-hi-ti."

Still following the tram lines, you come to cross roads, the right leading to Leyton and Woodford, the left Wood Street and Walthamstow, and here the forest proper, begins. Bearing to the left, you come to the "Rising Sun," where may be seen all the fun of the fair; there is every sort of amusement provided on a piece of ground opposite this house; swings, roundabouts, shooting galleries, cocoa-nut shies, and aunt Sally, being only a few of the many attractions set forth by the caterers for their patrons.

The better class of people, instead of coming round by the route taken by the trams, take the high road to Snaresbrook, which is really a very picturesque place, and from the top of Lea Bridge Road, makes a capital country drive, the forest running on both sides of the way.

It is curious to note that the young lady, who is usually somewhat larger than her mate, contrary to the rules observed in society, does the lovemaking; throwing her arms round his neck, they proceed on their journey singing one of

the latest ditties from the music halls, having, I might add, previously changed hats, for this latter is a *sine qua non* to a thoroughly enjoyable day for the coster and his "donah."

There is a large lake just before you arrive at the "Eagle," where I am told good fishing can be obtained. The "Eagle," a very fine house, with a large eagle in front for the sign, is patronised by quite a superior class of people. There are very good pleasure gardens at the back, and capital stabling. It will be seen

that not only the roughs of the East End invade this large recreation ground, but to many people in a different sphere of life, residing in the east and north-east of London, it affords a very considerable amount of pleasure.

Epping Forest, as it has been in the past, will always remain a source of recreation and amusement to those who cannot go further out of town, and even those who can, cannot but admire its time-honoured old oaks, and love its leafy lanes.

To my readers who have never been to this part of Essex, I can only say, and I know they will not regret taking the advice,

pay a visit to what I have described as an "East End Paradise."



A COSTER AND HIS DONAH.

"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!"

THE "CULT" OF LOTTIE COLLINS.

By GEORGE HUGHES.

ONE might enquire, with apologies to the shade of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?'"

And so far as your "Cockney," your thoroughbred Londoner, is concerned, the answer, it might safely be assumed, would be in the negative. Never in the whole range of "crazes" has song been sung more universally, or, for the matter of that, more intelligently.

Riding on a penny steamboat from Westminster to Lambeth, I noted a gaitered bishop—a sign of the times—standing contemplative in the stern of the vessel; he appeared to be absorbed in thought, and I speculated upon the probable subject matter of his cogitations. What weighty question of ecclesiastical polity was exercising his brain? I wondered as I approached him. His lips moved, he was giving audible expression to the workings of his soul. I passed him—"Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!"

he hummed in a confidential manner to himself. I am strolling down the long

corridor leading to the room in which Mr. Justice Hawkins is the presiding legal deity.

Who is this, with silken wings outspread, striding towards me? An eminent Q.C.—and as he

passes I hear the last notes of the familiar refrain. High and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant—all catch themselves singing, humming, whistling the *fin de siècle* song of a *fin de siècle* age, all alike votaries of the "cult" of Lottie Collins. The fashionable physician as he drums with his fingers upon the morning-room table of his titled but unrisen patient, the irascible colonel

on his way to the mess-room, the gutter urchin of Drury Lane, and the "potty" youth up from Eton for the Easter vacation, the half-fuddled tar as he rolls to his lodging in a bye street of Portsmouth, the master of a great station



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS IN "TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY!"

in the north as the midnight mail snorts and thunders on its way, and the small boy in the street below my window in Bloomsbury as I write, are at one in their testimony to the remarkable popularity of a song which Mr. Justin MacCarthy will assuredly chronicle, in the next edition of his "History of our own Times," as *the* song, *the* sensation, and *the* "craze" of 1892.

To the curious, an interesting study is offered by the consideration of the songs, especially such as have been allied with eccentric dances, which have had a vogue since the early portion of the eighteenth century.

In 1727 John Gay wrote "The Beggars' Opera," his most successful effort, the idea of which is said to have been suggested by Swift when residing at Pope's Villa at Twickenham. As Mr. Thomas B. Shaw points out in his "History of English Literature," this piece was written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama; the plan was to transfer the songs and incidents of the Italian opera, then almost a novelty in England, and in a blaze of popularity, to the lowest class of English life. The hero of "The Beggars' Opera" is a highwayman, and gaolers, pickpockets, and people of bad reputation form the *dramatis personæ*, the scene being principally laid in Newgate

Gaol. In a word, to use Swift's expression, it was a kind of Newgate pastoral, which, nevertheless, became the origin of the English opera. The beauty and charming voice of Elizabeth Fenton, who first acted Poll, the satirical allusions plentifully scattered through the dialogue, and eagerly caught up by the parties of the day, the novelty and oddity of the whole spectacle, and above all the exquisite beauty of the songs plentifully in-

terspersed throughout, gave "The Beggars' Opera" an unparalleled success. Poll became the idol of the town, and was removed from the stage to share the coronet of a duke; while Gay acquired from the performance of his piece the very respectable sum of £700.

From the eighteenth century onwards it is easy to recall numerous ditties which have caught the town in a manner as remarkable



MISS MARIE LLOYD.

as it has usually been unaccountable. Within the memory of many will be "Jump Jim Crow," an eccentric song, accompanied by an almost equally eccentric dance; "Villikins and his Dinah"; "Pop goes the Weasle"; "All Round my Hat I Wear a Green Willow"; "Champagne Charlie is my Name"; "The Perfect Cure"—another specimen of the song and dance which was made popular by the singing and dancing of poor Stead,

whose decease was announced only a short time since—"Slap-bang! Here we are again!"; "After the Opera is over"; while more recently "The Bogie Man"; "Hi-tiddley-hi-ti"; and "Then you wink the other Eye" have held the town with varying success. Songs of another class, which have had a great vogue, were such

To those who insist upon seeking an adequate cause for any given effect, the secret of the popularity attained by any given song which takes the town is always something of a poser, especially if they happen to be of an unimaginative turn of mind. They repeat the words, they hum the music, vainly endeavouring

as those sung by Madame Vestris: "Where the Bee Sucks"; "Oh, would I were a Butterfly"; and later examples will be found in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, the choicest morsels from which speedily found their way from the stage of the Savoy Theatre to the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, and to the piano-organ of the bourgeois. By the way, this same piano-organ should find a place for itself in some contemporary record, and commend itself to some industrious chronicler of the odds and



A GEISHA (JAPANESE DANCING GIRL).
(From a Drawing from Mr. Norman's "Real Japan.")

ends which play a not unimportant part in the life of the people. It is the *fin de siècle* instrument. Its predecessor, the old barrel-organ usually accompanied by a monkey and a grinder of more or less uncertain Italian origin, and its more remote ancestor the hurdy-gurdy, were neither of them such important factors in the popularising of music-hall or other ditties.

argument, it is not clear that this helps the explanation. Quite early in its career, an attempt was made by a section of the "pure-to-whom-all-things-are-impure" party to howl down song, singer, and dance—especially the dance—as indecent. This is not surprising when we reflect that not very long before, one of these distinctly precious guardians

to discover in either that which shall account for the fact that both are in the air. The words they dub "non-sense," the music is "trash," and yet the stubborn fact rises up in face of all their theories and asserts itself. The unthinking sing on, while the learned cudgel their brains in vain for an explanation. All this and more have the knowing ones said of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" They have said that the words are utter nonsense, and that the music is meretricious; but granting both premises for the sake of

of public morals had succeeded in persuading himself that a certain rather tedious marionette show was indecent; but, fortunately for everybody concerned, this crusade against the cult of Collins came to an untimely end. As a recent writer in the *World* points out, "the purity screamer becomes in effect an invaluable advertisement for any indecency which he may imagine to exist. The most practical result of the Zæo agitation was to promote a brisk demand for the offending picture; and this is but one instance out of scores which might be quoted. Human nature is not, perhaps, completely good—it is not even consistently bad—but it is always inquisitive, and very little is needed to stimulate its interest, especially in any forbidden direction." So that as a "send off" Miss Collins and her song found a capital advertisement in a mild form of persecution.

I have heard the question asked so frequently, What is "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay"? and I have found it so difficult to give an answer which shall convey anything like an impression of its force and genius, that it has become to me a kind of psychological problem:—"Is it a

song?" Yes, but it is more dance than song, and it is certainly more an emotion than either. It is an English expression of what the French call *abandon*, and like all true works of art—for upon its own level it is undoubtedly a work of art—is made up of strong contrasts. The open-

ing of the melody is dirge-like, almost dolorous, giving no hint of what is coming, and when the first thud of the drum is heard, which tells us that the chorus is reached, we find ourselves suddenly confronted with a frenzy which is simply astounding. Such a mad careering around stirs one's pulses and quickens one's vitality to a pitch of wild enthusiasm. It is the embodiment of the most exuberant animal spirits imaginable, perfectly harmless, and without a suggestion of anything beyond an unlimited capacity for enjoyment and infinite appreciation of mischief.



ANOTHER JAPANESE DANCING GIRL.
(From Mr. Norman's "Real Japan.")

This, of course, applies to Miss Lottie Collins's singing of the song. I have heard, during the past pantomime season, no fewer than twenty-seven, more or less, creditable renderings of this song; but with the single exception of Miss Marie Lloyd, in the pantomime of "Humpty

Dumpty" at Drury Lane, there was not one which approximated in any appreciable degree to the original. Even Miss Collins herself can be more or less herself. "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" is not the same thing on a comparatively small music-hall stage, and it is not until the stage of the Gaiety is at her disposal that she succeeds in doing herself justice. There is room and scope here, and as she urges on her wild career, in the chorus, to the last verse, the air seems full of twinkling feet, and the stage covered all over with golden hair at one and the same moment. No record of this song would be complete without a reference to that wonderful shock of curls, which plays so important a part in the business. It was a marvel to me, as I watched Miss Collins fling herself forward, until her hair falling over her face swept the stage, how on earth it, and the hat which surmounts it, ever retained their positions. Wonderful triumph for wig-maker Clarkson, who has to supply, what practically amounts to a fresh head of hair for "stage purposes" every night. The "understudy" wigs, by the way, must have a somewhat rough time of it at rehearsal. Miss Collins tells me that it was from her husband, Mr. S. P. Cooney, that she received the first idea of the song, while he was travelling in America. This first rough suggestion was submitted to Mr. Richard Morton, who worked up the idea, and presented the song in its present form. By kind permission of

Messrs. Chas. Sheard & Co., music publishers, of 192, High Holborn, we are enabled to give the words of the song:

I.

A smart and stylish girl you see,
Belle of good society;
Not too strict but rather free,
Yet as right as right can be!
Never forward, never bold,
Not too hot, and not too cold,
But the very thing, I'm told,
That in your arms you'd like to hold!

CHORUS (with dance).

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay,
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

II.

I'm not extravagantly shy,
And when a nice young man is nigh,
For his heart I have a try—
And faint away with tearful cry!
When the good young man, in haste,
Will support me round the waist;
I don't come to, while thus embraced,
Till of my lips he steals a taste!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

III.

I'm a timid flower of innocence—
Pa says that I have no sense—
I'm one eternal big expense;
But the boys say I am just immense!
Ere my verses I conclude,
I'd like it known and understood,
Though free as air, I'm never rude—
I'm not too bad, and not too good!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.



HINDOO DANCING GIRLS.

EXTRA VERSES.

You should see me out with Pa,
 Prim, and most particular;
 The young men say, "Ah, there you are!"
 And Pa says, "That's peculiar!"
 "It's like their cheek!" I say, and so
 Off again with Pa I go—
 He's quite satisfied—although,
 When his back's turned—well, you know—

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

There are two more of these "extra verses," but as I have never heard them sung, I do not think it necessary to give them.

I wish it were possible to print the "words" of the dance too. Our artists have done what ink and paper may, to convey an impression of the life and movement infused into the dance which accompanies the chorus, in their drawings of its two most intelligent exponents—a life and movement, which may, to some extent be perceived, even on paper, if compared with the other illustrations given of a Nautch girl, two *Geishas* dancing, and another Hindoo dancing girl. But of the characteristic dance of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" as rendered by Miss Lottie Collins, it is impossible, to convey anything like an adequate expression. It is more, than an exhibition of agility, it is a study in *abandon*, quite worthy to take rank in the forefront of eccentric—though not ungraceful—dances. I heard a little eight-year-old friend of mine describe to a schoolfellow, about her own age, her impression of the dance and chorus, after seeing Miss Marie Lloyd in the pantomime at Drury Lane: "But when she came to 'Ta-ra-ra' she went quite mad, and threw *all* her feet up into the sky, and her hair all down over the ground, and she *was* a mad thing."

As a necessary consequence of the rage for the song, there have been innumerable arrangements, imitations, parodies, and skits, some of which latter are so clever that it is almost a pity they are not

exactly fitted for publication in these pages. Of the "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" music proper, in addition to the song, Messrs. Sheard have published a Polka March, by Theo. Bonheur; Polka, Waltz, and Galop, by Josef Meissler; and Lancers, by John Crook. Some idea of the enormous popularity of the song proper may be gathered from the fact that during the last ten days of March over ten thousand copies were sold. Indeed, so great was its vogue that at one portion of its career it threatened to become a positive nuisance. This was admirably hit off in the *Globe* newspaper in some verses, which I cannot resist quoting:—

It budded at the Tivoli, it blossomed at the Grand,
 Insidiously it won its way throughout our placid
 land;

In hitherto contented homes, it sows the seeds
 of strife,
 Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay's become, the burden of our
 life.

'Tis softly hummed in Kensington, 'tis shouted in
 the Strand,

'Tis whistled in St. Stephen's by the old man
 known as "Grand,"

'Tis murmured in the Law-Courts by the judges
 on the bench,—

Suggestive ever of a pose inordinately French.

Our babies lisp the melody, Ta-wa-wa Booh-de-
 way!

It mingles with the sermon, and it dominates the
 play;

The gravest prelate in the land has got it in his
 throat,

And organs linger tenderly on every maddening
 note.

We cannot drive the scourge away; where'er we
 fly, 'tis there;

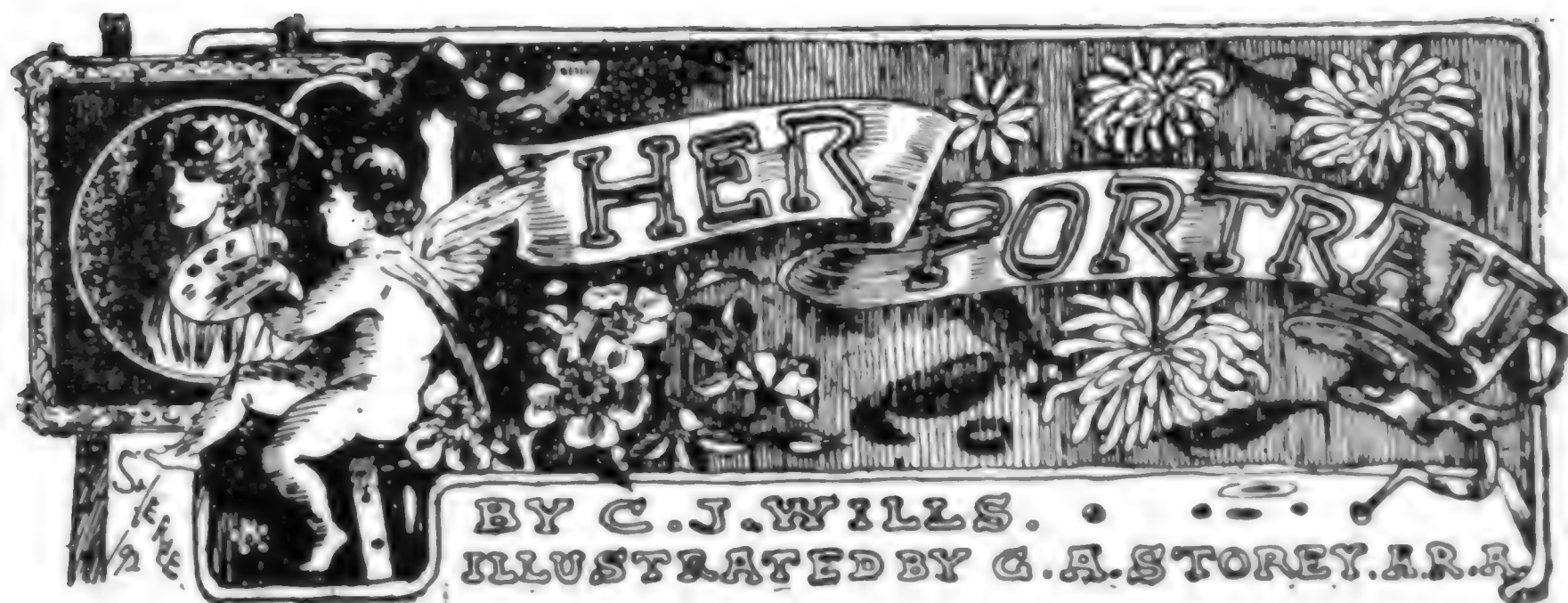
We take the deadly poison in with every breath
 of air;

The hoofs of horses beat it out; our watches tick
 the tune;

Cats serenade us with it; puppies whine it to
 the moon.

Such is a brief account of a song which may be regarded as remarkable, seeing that criticism could not injure it, and that it rejoiced in parody—which usually kills.





CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

IN THE STUDIO.

“WELL, Miss Fane, now you have made the fatal plunge, how do you like it? It was a great shame to attempt to make a study from your face at first starting, and I don't wonder that you felt nervous and uncomfortable; but it'll come in time, my dear, and you'll be able to retain your expressions without the slightest trouble, and drop back into them at any moment, as a matter of course, at the word of command. So now we'll have a little talk, my child, and I shall ask you to sit without actually moving your head or limbs; but you needn't trouble a bit about the face; it's only the pose I want; in fact, someone else is going to sit for the face. Perhaps you won't mind putting on this little sun-bonnet, because I'm going to do a miller's daughter, and there's a sort of hard and fast tradition, you know, that millers' daughters always do wear sun-bonnets. I'm afraid you'll find the sun-bonnet rather dirty,” said Milner apologetically, as he surveyed the head dress at arm's length, “but the fact is, it's a real agricultural sun-bonnet; you see the print it's made of is of a pattern that is quite archaic. You don't see that sort of pattern nowadays, do you? That's what gives it its value. Why, I've had the thing in my possession for thirty years. Take your hat off, Miss Fane, and just pop this thing on anyhow, just as a miller's daughter would when she was in a hurry. Capital!”

The girl did as she was bid, and then

Milner settled the pose, and began to work at his little preliminary sketch at once.

“My cousin Mrs. Barker tells me that you are very anxious to utilise your time,” he said.

“We're very poor, Mr. Milner,” said Phillida with a sigh, “and circumstances (and her voice trembled as she uttered the words) prevented my finishing my education.” Her black dress explained to Milner the meaning of the words she had used. “If I could have finished my education I might have found work as a governess, perhaps. You know at times we thought about a business of some sort, and mamma made inquiries; but somehow or other there was always a premium asked, and we had no money to pay a premium.”

“Everyone must have a calling in life,” said Milner, “and to my mind the calling of an artist's model is as honourable and respectable as any other. It's the people who have no calling who are disreputable. Everybody should have something to do, a calling or business of some sort. Work is like a sheet anchor, and without work of some sort people drift.”

“Oh, Mr. Milner,” said Phillida enthusiastically, “if I could only be able to earn my living!”

“There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't be able to earn your living. I know of several girls whose engagement books are full up every day for four months in advance. You know it isn't a fortune, Miss Fane; a model gets a shilling an

hour for sitting, that's the nominal rate; but a model sits for a morning or an afternoon, and it's five shillings for the morning and seven shillings for the whole day; then when you sit the whole day, you get your lunch, you know."

"I think it's very good pay, Mr. Milner," said Phillida. "I once tried addressing envelopes. It took me two days to address a thousand, then the circulars have to be

folded and put in, and the envelopes secured; and when I took them to the person who gave me the work and had promised me eighteenpence for doing it, he said that he didn't pay anything until twenty thousand had been addressed. And it was such a poor place, and he was a dreadfully ragged man, and smelt so terribly of tobacco and spirits, that I was afraid that he would never pay at all, so I gave it up in despair. Then I answered advertisements for nursery governesses," continued the girl plaintively; "but they were mostly from people who really wanted a nurse, and didn't want to have to pay any wages. And we were at our wits' ends when mamma went to see Mrs. Barker. But I am afraid I shall be a long time before I shall learn to sit properly, Mr. Milner."

"It'll be all right as soon as you've got over your nervousness," replied the artist reassuringly. "You don't feel uncomfortable or inclined to cry now, do you?"

"Not the least, Mr. Milner," said the girl with a laugh; "in fact, I had forgotten altogether that I was sitting."

"Exactly," said Milner, "that's what you've got to do, forget that you are sitting, and you come back to nature. It's a great curse to many people in this world, Miss Fane, that they never can forget that they are sitting, and that's what makes them so artificial and worthless—as

models, I mean, of course," said Milner with a chuckle. Then there was a silence.

Phillida sat perfectly motionless, gazing into space and lost in thought. Her cup of happiness was full, for she felt that she had found a vocation, that she should cease to be a burden on her mother, and so that her mother's dreadful load of care and anxiety would be very materially lessened. It may be objected that a mother's burdens do not trouble a girl of seventeen; but that is perhaps because girls of seven-



"IT'S A REAL AGRICULTURAL SUN-BONNET."

teen are not as a rule their mothers' companions and confidants. But Phillida was the eldest, mother and daughter were thrown very much together, and Mrs. Fane had no secrets from her child. As for Milner, for him Phillida as an entity had ceased to exist; the studio itself had disappeared too, and he was gazing at a miller's daughter just as he had seen her in the days gone by, smiling on him from under her big sun-bonnet of coloured

print, a pleasant subject to look upon, with her rather Dutch back-ground of a red brick mill ; and in fancy he heard once more the continuous accompaniment of drowsy music caused by the distant whirling of the hidden wheels, and the splashing sound of falling waters. Milner was then thoroughly wrapped up in his picture, while little Miss Fane was lost in contemplation of the golden future. There was a sudden tap on the door, a strong and masterful tap ; it startled both artist and model.

"Don't lose the pose," said Milner warningly to Phillida. The girl, who was determined to do her very best, stared straight at an object on the distant wall, and tried to carry out Milner's instructions ; and looking neither to the right nor to the left, she sat perfectly motionless and petrified.

Then Milner hurriedly went to the door and opened it. There was a slight expression of annoyance on his face as he admitted his visitor, who was a big buxom blonde of seven or eight-and-thirty, who looked the very picture of health and good temper. In one hand the lady, who wore a long dust cloak and a big self-assertive hat of Italian straw, carried a little round basket tied over with tissue paper, which evidently contained strawberries ; in the other was a big scarlet *en-tout-cas*, which she used as a walking stick, and which, somehow or other, perhaps from its big gold handle, gave one the idea that she was a sort of female drum-major.

"You're at work, I'm sure I'm very sorry ; I hate being disturbed myself, Milner, and disturbing others is almost as horrid, to the well-regulated mind."

"I'm delighted to see you, Mrs. Charnelhouse," said John Milner.

"Oh, you've got to say that, of course," replied the lady ; "that's the beauty of being a woman ; if I were a man you'd just say, 'I can't be bothered, dear boy !' I've been shopping, Milner ; I'm exhausted ; the heat's too much for me. I'd have sat down in a pastry-cook's, but a pastry-cook's at this time of year is insufferably hot, and with the certainty of being ogled by ice-eating boys, too young to know better, and glared at by ice-eating women, it would only have made one feel the heat all the more. No, I said to myself, I haven't seen John Milner for an age ; his studio is delightfully cool ; I will go and talk to Milner, he's sure to have something pretty

to show me. By the bye, Milner, where's that nice-looking boy ?"

"You mean Walter, I suppose," said the artist, handing her a chair with the utmost gravity, "I'm sorry to say he's just gone out."

"Then there'll be all the more strawberries for you and me," said Mrs. Charnelhouse. "Give me a fan, Milner, a good big one, if you've got such a thing. You don't offer to fan me," she said with a great laugh, "which you certainly would have done if we'd both been ten years younger." Then she flung herself back in the big chair, and began fanning herself violently. "Now open the strawberries," continued the lady, "and mind you're not to pick the big ones. It's dreadfully lonely at home, Milner," said the lady, when she had reached her fifth prize strawberry. "When I married Charnelhouse it was distinctly a love-match on both our parts without *arrière pensée*. You may grin, sir, but Charnelhouse was the darling of society. There wasn't much of him, but he was distinctly nice-looking, and he made love to all the pretty women with a praiseworthy impartiality, and he said the most delightfully witty and wicked things. He was quite a Mephistopheles, you know, and *they* are always so charming. Ah, I little knew that the pretty and brilliant things, the subtle poison that Charnelhouse used to pour into my ears, were but dress-rehearsals of the talkee talkee of his next morning's work. Yes," she added with another sigh, "Charnelhouse never says anything either witty or wicked to me now. When we *do* talk it's about the dinners, and then his conversation is—well, blood-curdling. I'm married to an epicure, Milner. He declares that he must live like Lucullus, or that his inspiration will fail him. And who would pay the butcher, and the baker, and the candlestick maker, if his inspirations were to fail him ? As it is, I have the whole of my professional earnings as pin money, for Charnelhouse insists on my dressing rather extensively, and declares I do him as much good as hundreds of coloured posters. So that if his inspirations were to fail him, you know, my income would have to go to the tradespeople, and if I had no clothes to wear, nobody would look at me. Don't grin like that, Milner, it's bad form. I don't mean that I should want to go out like Lady Godiva, or anything of that sort. Charnelhouse insists on a most expensive cook, and he has a long interview with her

every morning before he commences work, and I'm glad I'm not a jealous woman, or I should suffer agonies, and he talks quite sentimentally about the wretch. 'I couldn't do without Phœbe, Glory,' he says, 'she's a pearl among women.' 'I'm beginning to feel better, Milner,' said Mrs. Charnelhouse suddenly, having come to the end of the strawberries. "You don't ask me to smoke? Charnelhouse always likes me to smoke. He pretends that it makes me what he calls odalisque-like; that's his nonsense. He does it to keep me quiet."

"I'm afraid I can't ask you to smoke," said Milner. "I smoke nothing but cavendish, you know, and my pipes are rather a caution to mariners."

"Now you're laughing at me; it seems to me to be rather mean in a man to laugh at a woman; I'm always telling Charnelhouse so, and he declares that it's one of his conjugal rights, and that I was born to be laughed at, which is rude and husband-like. Not that I mind, you know, Milner, for they do say that the ruder a husband is the more he loves you. Yes," said Mrs. Charnelhouse with a languishing sigh, "Francis must be *very* fond of me—and they do say that when a man's particularly polite, that he's playing you false, or meditating it. Of course, Francis, as a society novelist, is always doing the most horrible things in his books, but he's not really immoral, he's only wicked on paper; and he declares that the public expect it from him, and that Ghou! and Scorcher, his publishers, insist upon it, and that his circulation would be lowered if he didn't do it; and as a man of the world, you must see that an author who respects himself would do anything rather than lower his circulation." Then Mrs. Charnelhouse drew a little cigarette case from her pocket—it was a masterpiece of Russian niello-work—and opening it, she extended it to Milner, with a big honest smile, just as though she had been offering a sweet to a little child, or a pinch of snuff to a Scotch lawyer. "You may try one," she said. "You won't?—my morals may be execrable, Milner, but my cigarettes are Laferme and undeniable. Well, if you won't, you won't. You'll have to light up yourself, because it's so much nicer to smoke in company, it's what the young lords in Charnelhouse's books call 'chum-mier.' Give me a light."

Milner did as he was bid; he also filled his own pipe and lighted it. Then

Mrs. Charnelhouse extended her foot with simious dexterity, and hooking a chair towards her, she calmly put her feet up as though she had been a Lord of Creation. "Now, this is what I call jolly," cried Gloriana Charnelhouse, dropping her head back luxuriously and emitting a huge cloud of blue smoke, first from one nostril and then from the other. "I say, Milner," the lady remarked, with a great honest smile, "why don't you talk, why don't you try to amuse a fellow?"

"I suppose it's because I'm not an eloquent man," said Milner with a smile, "and if you won't accept that excuse, Mrs. Charnelhouse, I'll make another one."

"Meaning *me*, I suppose," said the lady with a laugh. "Oh, I know, I can't help it, I was running on, of course I was, I always do. I'm like Miss Mowcher, I'm so volatile! Charnelhouse likes me to talk, he says I'm so very human; and when a woman once begins running on, you know, particularly to her husband, or a man she likes, it's so difficult to stop. But I am always afraid to talk 'shop' to you, Milner, because I know you're a great artist, and I'm only a poor little painter of prettiness, who happens to be the fashion. What's that?" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Charnelhouse, as she became aware of the presence of Phillida. She flung away the stump of her cigarette, and she raised a long-handled double eyeglass, which she opened with a flick, and then stared at the poor child as though she were examining a Two-headed Nightingale or a spotted boy.

Not that her examination affected Phillida, in the least; she hadn't been listening to the conversation, she was merely most seriously occupied in not losing the pose; not having eyes in her back like the spider, she actually supposed Milner to be still sketching, and her eyes were still fixed upon the object on the opposite wall, which had been indicated to her by the artist on the first instance. Little Miss Fane's limbs were aching, and all unknowingly, Milner was testing her endurance to the very utmost. Like Roderick Dhu, she said in her heart,—

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

And there she sat, as still as the gentleman in the opera of the *Cheval de Bronze*, who was turned to stone.

"Oh, it's a young lady who is good enough to sit to me," said Milner.

"P-r-e-t-t-y?" said Mrs. Charnelhouse, in the dumb alphabet, upon her fingers.

"Very," replied Milner with a smile.

"In that case I don't believe you, Milner—and I wish you wouldn't destroy my illusions. You're a miserable hypocrite, like the rest of your fickle sex." Then Gloriana Charnelhouse sprang to her feet. "I'll have a look at her and judge for myself," she cried.

"One moment," said John Milner, and he raised his hand with an impatient gesture in a way that considerably astonished his visitor. "If you like, Mrs. Charnelhouse," he said, "I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Fane. You may be of use to each other."

"The man's gone out of his mind," thought the lady in the big straw hat.

"I owe you an apology, Miss Fane," said Milner, with great deference. "To tell you the truth, I had forgotten all about you, my child. Let me introduce you to Mrs. Charnelhouse. Mrs. Charnelhouse is a well-known artist, and her husband is equally well-known as an author. Miss Fane," added Milner pointedly, "is a friend of my cousin Mrs. Barker's."

"Well, I'm sure!" cried the lady artist in astonishment.

Whether she made this rather vulgar exclamation at the conduct of Phillida, which was sufficiently extraordinary, it is impossible to say. Phillida, like the unhappy boy upon the burning deck, was determined not to disobey orders at all hazards; at all hazards she retained the pose.

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance," said Phillida simply; "you'll excuse my not turning round, but I can't."

"My dear young lady," cried Milner, "I'm awfully sorry; you've actually been in one position for the last half-hour, because I was fool enough to forget to give the order to stand at ease. Pray do so at once."

"I am not sorry to, Mr. Milner," said

Phillida, as she attempted to rise; "but I must beg your pardon," she added, casting a look of agony towards Mrs. Charnelhouse, "for I can't get up, for I—I—I've got pins and needles in both my feet," moaned the girl, almost hysterically, "and I'm quite giddy with staring at the object."

"Poor child," cried Mrs. Charnelhouse with genuine sympathy. "Milner, you're a brute."

Now Phillida's feelings had been really hurt. She didn't object to the discomfort that she had endured, *that* she looked upon

as being part of the necessary *curriculum* of her new profession; but that Milner should have forgotten her very existence was decidedly galling; she felt ready to cry, but she mastered her emotion, and tried to smile benignantly upon Mrs. Charnelhouse.

"There, if it hadn't been for your stupidity, Milner, she could have had her share of the strawberries. My dear," cried the lady artist enthusiastically, "let me congratulate you; you're a dream of loveliness. You're what my husband, in his jargon, would call the 'world's desire.' You must certainly sit to me, and I'll introduce you to Francis, and he'll write pages of what he calls descriptive stuff about you; you'll come as a boon and a blessing to Francis, and he'll rave about your eyes, and your hair, and your complexion, and your figure for weeks;"

and then the novelist's wife, perceiving a look of genuine horror upon Phillida's face,

laughed merrily, and added, "Don't be alarmed, my dear; he'll only do it on paper. Francis is a very little man, and as harmless as a fly. He'll immortalise you on paper, and I'll immortalise you in pastels; pastels are my strong point, Miss Fane, because I'm only an ingenious fudger, you know, as Milner will tell you as soon as my back is turned. You'll find that to parody the soap advertisements in reference to your admirers.

'Those then will love,
Who never loved before;
And those who loved before,
Will now love all the more.'



A SKETCH.

Now, when can you come to me, and which are your free days?"

"Miss Fane will be glad to come to you whenever you please, and as often as you please," said Milner, with a meaning glance at Phillida.

"You are very kind, I'm sure," said Phillida simply, in reply.

"Then shall we fix the day after to-morrow, at ten?" said Mrs. Charnelhouse, producing a silver-mounted memorandum book. "Here's my card, No. 2, The Studios, Kensington. Close to Addison Road Station, my dear, you can't mistake it; and if you'll only look half as pretty as you're doing now, I shall be your debtor for life, indeed I shall. Ta ta, dear boy," said the lady, addressing John Milner; "it

at her, Gloriana Charnelhouse is as good as she's high."

CHAPTER V. EDMONDSBURY.

Mrs. Fane, like a wise woman, had accepted Mr. Bayle's offer; and Ethel and the little Dorothy, whom everybody knew as Pops, and who was only Dorothy when she was naughty, had received their nominations to the Grey Cloak School at Edmondsbury. It is called Edmondsbury because, were the author to give you the name of the place where the Grey Cloak School is situated, the lives of the Governors of the school would be rendered



PHILLIDA TAKING HER SISTERS TO SCHOOL.

would be more than my life is worth to keep the fiend Francis hungering for his lunch; and my cabman will charge me at least eighteenpence for waiting. Do not forget; ten sharp, Miss Fane," and then the great gushing creature shook hands effusively, first with Phillida, and then with Milner, and bounced out of the studio.

"I congratulate you," said Milner; "you have secured a good client, Miss Fane; and though you mightn't think it, to look

unbearable, by applications from gentle people who would be only too glad to have their daughters educated for nothing. Poor Mrs. Fane had looked forward to the day of parting with terror, and little Ethel had shared her mother's grief, and the pair would kiss each other silently and tearfully whenever there was an opportunity. Phillida did her best to soothe Ethel and comfort her mother; but her efforts in this direction were not particularly successful. When Constance is

being remonstrated with as to her "too heinous respect for grief" by Pandulpho the Papal Legate, she invariably brings down the house with that celebrated line

"He talks to me, that never had a son."

It's a woman's argument and, of course, unanswerable.

Mrs. Fane, in her replies to Phillida, invariably took the same line, and taunted her with not having daughters of her own; this she always did in a tone of mingled scorn and pity, as though she felt it was her daughter's misfortune and not her fault. While Ethel, who was both lachrymose and snappish, would retort, "It's all very well for *you*, Phillida, *you're* not going to leave home just when you've begun to feel that you were *everything* to mother; you're not going to wear a dreadful dress, and not come home for any holidays; you," added Miss Ethel, with fine and cutting sarcasm, "are going to enjoy yourself in London; and you won't be troubled with me and Pops, which will make all the difference, won't it, Phillida?" added the child bitterly.

"Yes, dear; it *will* make all the difference to me. I shall lose the two dear little sisters that I love so well; but what makes me bear it bravely, Ethel, is that I know that it's for their good, and poor mother's; but whenever they let me, I shall run down to Edmondsbury and see my little sisters. And I should be far more unhappy, Ethel dear, if I didn't know that there was someone to look after little Pops, someone who loves her just as well as I do, Ethel dear."

"I never thought of that," said Ethel simply.

And from that moment little Ethel Fane, aged eleven years, ceased to weep at the idea of leaving home.

But Pops gloried in the approaching departure.

"I shall be the littlest, Mr. Bayle said; the very littlest of all the girls. And Mr. Bayle's a dear old gentleman; and he didn't scold me when I broke his great tortoiseshell eyeglasses; and he told me and mamma all about Edmondsbury, and what a beautiful place it is; and that there's a great church there, ever so big; only they don't call it a church, you know. He says we shall be very happy there, and oh, I'm longing for the day: and it'll be so nice to have lots of other children to play with. Do you think

there'll be many lessons, Phillida? And I hope there are lots of very little girls, for I'm not sure, you know, that it will be nice to always be the littlest of all. And Mr. Bayle said, that when they dressed me up, as they will do, that I shall be a perfect picture—that'll be nice, won't it, Phillida? And oh, Phillida," continued the young lady very solemnly, "you'll tell them my name isn't really Pops, and I shouldn't like other girls, who wern't my sisters, to call me so. You'll tell them that, won't you, Phillida?"

And so little Dorothy Fane, as is the nature of fledglings, so to say, impatiently flapped her untried pinions, and longed for the moment when she should quit the maternal nest for the first time. They talk of the joys of childhood. There is no doubt that children, even very little children, have sore trials and great tribulations; but they are free from carking care, and they don't understand the meaning of the word anxiety.

The day of departure, the day which Pops had longed for and Ethel had dreaded so much, at length arrived, and Mrs. Fane's three daughters, in their simple mourning, were ready to depart. A four-wheel cab was at the door, and Mrs. Fane had thoughtfully provided a coloured story-book and a bag of sponge cakes as food for the minds and bodies of the little ones during the journey. It was with difficulty that the poor mother could restrain her tears, as she kissed her youngest darling for the last time; but a warning glance from Phillida helped her to bear up, and then the travellers filed down the narrow staircase of the little lodging-house in Calthorpe Street, and Ethel, pale as Hecuba, assumed a tragic air; while Pops, bag of sponge cakes in hand, expressed her hope to her eldest sister that "the man would drive very fast and wouldn't miss the train."

Then the cab rattled off, and poor Mrs. Fane waved her hand to the children from the open window till the cab was out of sight; and then she flung herself into the lodging-house easy-chair, and the poor woman wept as if her heart would break. The thought of her poverty didn't cause her to weep, it was the remembrance that her delicately nurtured children were taken from her to be brought up by charity; that thought was as gall and wormwood to a woman like Mrs. Fane. She who had always been free-handed and a cheerful

giver in the days of her prosperity, found it difficult, well-nigh impossible, to reconcile her mind to receive the charity of others. But at length she dried her eyes. "There was no other way," she said to herself, "and if I had not consented, we must have well-nigh starved. Mr. Bayle was right. And, after all, it is a great consolation to feel that every one of the girls at the Grey Cloak School is gently born. Gentlewomen every one of them—that's what makes all the difference."

We laugh at the Ashantee for worshipping his fetish; we look upon the believer in Mumbo Jumbo in a comic light; and yet most of us carry about with us some special fetish which we reverently worship, and most of us adore a Mumbo Jumbo of our own, either openly or in secret. We are all aware of this, though we won't confess it; and that is why, perhaps, we none of us will laugh at poor Mrs. Fane, because she bowed down to the fetish called Gentility.

Did you ever know a woman miss a train in her life except from *force majeure*? Of course you never did. Phillida was no exception to the rest of her sex, she had to catch the ten o'clock train, she arrived at the station at nine twenty-five; she couldn't even take the tickets, for the office wasn't yet open. Phillida was young and innocent; Phillida was going to travel third class; being young and innocent, she walked straight to the third class waiting-room. How often one sees wicked and wily people, who ought to know better, lounging on the cushioned seats provided in the first class waiting-room, and trying to look as much like peers or peeresses, according to their sex, as possible. They take their tickets at the last minute, as though they were committing a crime, then, having hidden the ticket, they re-assume the lordly air, swagger on to the platform, and march up and down in front of the first class carriages; then, when most of the other passengers have taken their seats, and they feel quite sure that nobody is looking, they disappear suddenly into the moving torture-chamber in which parliament compels the company to carry them for a penny a mile. They take their seats as far from the platform as possible, lest their degradation should be seen by a chance acquaintance, and during the journey they patronise the rest of the passengers with urbane, but haughty politeness, and try to persuade them into

the belief that they are doing it for a bet.

So Phillida and her sisters sat on the uncompromising wooden bench which the railway company had thoughtfully provided as a stool of repentance for its third class patrons, in order that their sufferings might commence as soon as possible, that they might submit themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, and ultimately wish that they had never been born. Little Ethel forgot her troubles in the coloured book of fairy tales, which she had already begun to devour: while Pops, full of excitement, yet determined to be "good," was gazing through the open door on to the platform, deeply interested in the busy scene without. As for Phillida, she sat, one protecting arm thrown lovingly round the shoulders of the younger child, lost in thought. And so the three waited silently till the corduroy-clad official made his appearance at the open door, and shouted with stentorian voice, "Now then, any more going on? This way for Edmondsbury and all stations, second class for'ard, third be'ind." Then he began to ring a big bell furiously. There's a touching simplicity about that second class for'ard, third be'ind; it shows such a tender care for those passengers whose lives are most valuable. If the train should run into another train, the second class "persons" will come to grief: if the train is run into, the "parties" travelling third will be telescoped. It's quite right and proper of the company, of course, because you have to pay more for killing or injuring a first class passenger, which is a matter of very serious moment; besides, should an accident occur, it enables the directors to carry out the maxim of the old physicians, *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*.

They were in luck, they got a compartment to themselves: they might have had to endure the uncongenial society of the tramp, the ruffian, or the drunkard: but the portly guard, being the father of a family of girls himself, and perhaps slightly influenced by the fact of Phillida's being a very pretty girl, and most men are mean and will do more for a pretty girl than they will for a plain one, considerably locked them in: he was not influenced by mercenary motives, and he knew perfectly well that third class people don't give tips, but he was very civil to Phillida all the same as he touched his

hat to the little lady, and considerably remarked, "There is no change, Miss, and you'll get to Edmondsbury by twelve."

Certainly Phillida had her hands full during the journey. Pops tried each of the ten seats separately and individually; she sat with her back to the engine, close to the window; and she tried the effect of windows up, and down, and she made scientific experiments on the ventilators with Ethel's umbrella. It was only when a train would suddenly pass theirs at full speed, that Pops for some minutes would become the good child of the story-books, and sit by her eldest sister's side, clasping her hand. The tunnels, too, had a very calming effect upon Miss Pops; an effect

thing or other, and it isn't always so easy to answer a child's questions. You mustn't say you don't know; children and young people arrive at conclusions rapidly, they deliver their judgments in a summary manner; and, unlike Lord Chancellor Eldon, they *never* doubt. To the child, an adult who confesses that he or she doesn't know, is an ignoramus; even an under-nurse, or the odd girl who is called in to "mind baby," never pleads guilty to ignorance. "You ask no questions, master Baby, and you'll hear no lies," is the stock formula by which she will delude the too inquisitive youthful mind. It is no use being a parent, an aunt, or even a great-aunt—a title which has peculiar terrors to



A LITTLE PROCESSION OF SOME FOUR-AND-TWENTY GIRLS.

which was exceedingly efficacious, but terribly evanescent. A small child is like a young dog, it's very wonderful what an amount of exercise either creature will succeed in getting in a short time. At irregular intervals, Pops would adjourn from labour to refreshment, to use a mysterious phrase which some of us have heard before; she expressed her greatest astonishment at the want of appetite of her sisters; and then she made a startling admission. "When I know there are sponge-cakes," she said, "I'm *always* hungry." Phillida had plenty to do in acting as cicerone to Miss Dorothy Fane, who displayed a startling desire for information about things in general. The child was always wanting to know some-

the youthful mind; if you once confess you don't know, be you father or mother, or even great-aunt, you take your place among the dullards of the child's acquaintance, and, metaphorically speaking, the child will turn up its mental nose at you ever after. Even an Edmondsbury train reaches its destination at last; it was only half-an-hour late, and of course the railway officials were bursting with pride at its unwonted punctuality. There was the station-master looking as if he were "Ruler of the Queen's Navee," at the very least; and the porters bustled vigorously, and made themselves as omnipresent as Drury Lane supernumeraries, hustling the passengers in a business-like manner, and crying out "by your leave" to old ladies

whom they frightened out of their wits.

Now the little Fane girls had no luggage. Mr. Bayle had insisted that they were to go down in the clothes they stood up in, as kit of all description, and every comfort and necessary, were provided by the Commissioners of the Grey Cloak School.

"Things are much changed from what they were, at Edmondsbury," Mr. Bayle had said. "Till fifteen years ago, matters went on at the Grey Cloak School just as they had done in the sixteenth century. The girls were badly fed and badly housed, and the system of education was a farce, conducted by inefficient mistresses, who invariably lived to a good old age, and died at their posts rather than take half-pay. But when the Charity Commissioners took the school in hand, they made very short work of the ancient abuses. The girls now get a sound English education; the mistresses are well paid and efficient; the health and comfort of the girls is thoroughly attended to; in fact, they are well housed, well clothed, well fed, and well taught. The old school-house, beautifully restored, still exists; and now, instead of being a picturesque ruin, it is well warmed and well ventilated. The dormitories which used to be in huge attics over the school-house, with the bare tiled roof overhead, have been replaced by a handsome modern building with every sanitary improvement. Each girl has a little cubicle to herself, and everything is now as it should be. If I had daughters of my own," Mr. Bayle had said in conclusion, "and I got the chance of having them brought up at the Grey Cloak School, I can honestly tell you, Mrs. Fane, that I should jump at it."

Phillida enquired her way to the Grey Cloak School, and as she did so she noticed that little Dorothy, who was holding her hand, grasped it all the tighter; in fact, poor Pops now presented a rather woe-begone appearance, and the corners of her mouth trembled nervously. Fortunately at this moment they suddenly came in sight of the cathedral.

"Oh, Phillida," cried the child, clasping her hands, "what a big big church! Do you think that it will be our church, Phillida?"

Before her sister could answer her, they came upon a little procession of some four-and-twenty girls, uniformly clad in old world costumes; each girl carried a prayer book in her hand, and each one's

face wore an air of demure staidness that seemed beyond her years. The costume was a becoming one. The neat muslin caps, the snowy mittens and the big white bib aprons which almost concealed their short blue gowns (for they were gowns, not frocks or dresses), gave the girls the air of a set of little puritans, of a bygone time. At the side of the little troop walked a benevolent-looking old lady, who beamed from behind her spectacles upon the world in general, and upon her charges in particular. Phillida intuitively felt that the girls belonged to the Grey Cloak School, and that in a few short hours her little sisters would be clad in the strange but becoming costume.

"What pretty dresses!" cried Ethel Fane.

There couldn't be a doubt about the prettiness of the dress, and Phillida felt comforted as she heard Ethel express her approbation of the costume.

Phillida had been quite right. The Grey Cloak girls were going back to the school house, for, being a Saint's Day, they had attended morning service at the cathedral, according to ancient custom. The girls filed slowly across the little square, and as they passed the sisters, Pops whispered in Ethel's ear, "Oh, Etts, there's one poor girl walks with a crutch. I'm so sorry for her, Etts."

And when the procession had passed, the sisters followed it as it crossed the little square, and entered a low stone archway beneath which was a sort of lodge; and in the doorway of the lodge, the lower part of his figure concealed by a wooden hutch, stood a jolly, red-faced man, who wore a queerly cut coat of royal blue with scarlet facings. There were medals upon the scarlet waistcoat, which covered the jolly man's breast, and as each pair of girls filed past him, he nodded and smiled benignantly, and each girl returned the smile; and when the benevolent old lady passed in, the jolly, red-faced man pulled his forelock to her with intense respect. And so the little regiment disappeared beneath the archway; then Phillida, having screwed her courage to the sticking point, approached the jolly man.

"Would you be good enough to tell me the way to the Grey Cloak School?" she said, addressing him.

"This is the Grey Cloak School, miss," said the jolly man, favouring Phillida with a military salute. "Is there anything I

can do for you, miss?" he added politely. "Would you like to look round?"

"I am bringing my two sisters to the school," said Phillida, with great humility.

"Ah," said the man, with a pleasant smile; "then these be the two young ladies we're expecting. You'd better step this way, miss," said the man, seizing a great gold-laced hat, and emerging from his lodge. And as he came out the girls perceived that the beadle to the Grey Cloak School had, what sailors call, one timber toe. "That was our head dame, miss, that passed in just now; you'll like Miss Mounsey, I'm sure, miss; we're all very fond of Miss Mounsey here in Edmondsbury; she's just a mother to the young ladies," said the beadle, as he stumped along by Phillida's side.

It was an immense consolation to Phillida, to hear this official intimation of the fact, that, though her little sisters were to be brought up by charity, yet they would not cease to be ladies in the eyes of those who ought to know. They walked across the small quadrangle, passed the school house with its long lancet windows, whose grey walls of Kentish rag were mellowed by age, and patches of golden moss and silvery lichen. Then they came to a little door of oak, black with age, upon which was a tiny brass door-plate, on which were engraved the words "Miss Mounsey." The little lattice window at the side of it was curtained by some three or four luxuriant plants of the common scarlet geranium.

"Will you please to knock, miss?" said the beadle.

For an instant Phillida was in doubt. As the sister of two little charity girls, ought she to give a single knock? She couldn't give a double one on account of interfering with the prerogative of the postman. Then she suddenly remembered the wise saw, "Once a lady, always a lady." She took the tiny brass knocker, which shone like burnished gold, and diffidently gave the humblest of rat-tat-tats.

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Phillida to the jolly beadle. "I'm very sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it, miss," said the man, touching his gold-laced hat respectfully. "It's a real pleasure to do anything for a young lady like you."

Then the beadle stumped off towards his lodge, and the door was opened by a toy servant demurely dressed in black,

who, on learning Phillida's name, informed her that Miss Mounsey was expecting her. Miss Mounsey received Phillida and her sisters in a dimly lighted, sweetly smelling, low-pitched little room. The window-sill was, as we know, gay with scarlet geraniums, and close to the panes, stood a big india-rubber plant, which helped to shut out the light. There was a little old-fashioned piano, wonderfully tall for its size, with a huge front of yellow quilled silk, in the centre of which was a gigantic tassel of the same colour. Innumerable photographs in frames were on the walls,

and there was a wonderful portrait, under glass in a maple frame, of a young gentleman with a preternaturally high collar, and a normally curly hair, a frill to his shirt, and wearing Hessian boots and pantaloons. Somehow or other, Phillida intuitively felt that this young gentleman in black paper upon a white background, was in some sentimental way connected with the romantic period of Miss Mounsey's life. Phillida was perfectly right.



A GREY SCHOOL GIRL.

Miss Mounsey put Phillida and her sisters at their ease at once; she shook hands with Phillida as though she had been an old friend, and then she kissed the two little ones as though she had known and loved them all their lives. All three girls felt that it was utterly impossible to be otherwise than happy in the society of so charming an old lady; her very cap ribbons and spectacles inspired confidence, and her dark grey dress and spotless linen cuffs showed that she was precise, without being prim.

Then Miss Mounsey incontinently insisted that the three sisters should then and there lunch with her; and when one is young, after sixty miles' journey one is certain of a good appetite, and with youth and a good appetite one is sure to forget the existence of one's woes.

"My dear," said Miss Mounsey, after lunch, "I shall be very busy with your sisters for the next couple of hours. I think, now that you are at Edmondsbury, you ought not to miss the cathedral; ours is one of the most celebrated cathedrals in all England, and people come long distances to see it."

Of course this was a palpably transparent excuse for getting rid of Phillida, but it was plain enough to the girl that it was kindly meant; so it was arranged that Phillida, who was returning to town, should take a cup of tea with Miss Mounsey at half-past four, and then bid her little sisters good-bye. Pops looked rather wistfully at her as she left Miss Mounsey's little room, and it was all poor Phillida could do to keep a stiff upper lip. Phillida marched across the quadrangle, past the lodge, from the half-open door of which the jolly, red-faced, red-waistcoated beadle bowed to her punctiliously, thereby causing her to feel somewhat less sad, because he, at the moment, irresistibly reminded her of a gigantic Punch.

There was no necessity to ask the way to the cathedral; wherever you stood in Edmondsbury, it always dominated the view; you looked at it, and you followed your nose. There are two ways of seeing the cathedral. One way is simply to walk round for yourself, the other is to patronise the showman; for eightpence you can ascend the highest tower and gaze down upon the vast leaded roofs of the cathedral, the sleepy and ancient town of Edmondsbury, and the bright English landscape by which it is surrounded. For an extra fourpence, under the charge of a second showman, you can inspect the belfry, and, on a high beam above your head there, the verger will point out a pair of barn-door owls, which, as he puts it, are in the habit of roosting there from time immemorial, and are supposed to be "puffeckly deaf," having been born in the bell tower, which accounts for the phenomenon. And if you happen to be in the bell tower at the hour, you are generally rather glad to escape, for then the chimes are rung, and though they

sound sweet and beautiful in the town below, and as you recognise the old-fashioned hymn tunes you are charmed and delighted; yet, in the belfry itself, the tremendous din and the bewildering vibrations make one glad to escape incontinently. An extra ninepence allows you to visit the crypt and underground church, which contains the big block of granite, under which reposes the ashes of St. Edmund.

"The cathedral vaults," as the verger observes, pointing to a rather new-looking wall, "extend a considerable distance beyond here, and are let to a firm of wine merchants by the Dean and Chapter." Then, in a particularly dark corner, you are shown some half dozen leaden coffins, which are vaguely described as "probably of ancient origin." Another fourpence unlocks the door in the beautiful carved screen which admits you to the choir, and you can inspect the bishop's throne, and the rich tracery of the stalls, and admire the ingenuity of the priests of old, when they had a head with a flat top carved beneath the folding seat of each stall, in order that they might sit at ease during those parts of the service when they were supposed to be standing, by means of the simple manœuvre of turning back the seat. The various separate payments at Edmondsbury cathedral amount to two-and-ninepence, and for that sum you saw everything; or, if you were of a frugal mind, you could purchase a sort of circular tourist ticket for two shillings.

Now poor Phillida had no spare cash, and she was rather astonished than otherwise, when a lank man in a long black gown, carrying a wand of office in one hand, and in the other a bunch of keys so bright with use that they shone like burnished silver, walked up to her, made her a low bow, politely remarked in an unctuous whisper that it was a fine day, informed her of the list of prices to the various shows, and asked her if she would like to possess a copy of the full descriptive account of this ancient building, price sixpence. And when Phillida humbly declared that she didn't purpose visiting any of the sights that day, the person in the black gown informed her, with a triumphant chuckle, that "the chancel is closed to the public, except during the hours of divine service;" and then he added, as a sort of vindictive ultimatum, "and there's nothing to see in the parts

that are open free." Then he rattled his keys, scowled at Phillida, and hid behind a pillar. Whether the rattling of the keys was a sort of masonic sign to his fellow vergers that there was nothing to be got out of Phillida, it is impossible to say. But let us do the vergers justice, they did their duty like men; they were put there, no doubt, to see that no sacrilegious hands should plunder, injure or desecrate the great cathedral church. So they kept their eyes on Phillida. Whether they thought that she was going to put one of the pillars in her pocket; whether they supposed that she was burning with a desire to carve her name upon the walls; or whether they suspected her of being a dynamitard, it is impossible to tell; but wherever the girl walked, wherever she turned to look around her, she would invariably see a head protruding from some unexpected corner, and a pair of watchful eyes fixed upon her.

Phillida found consolation in her troubles; she knelt down on one of the rushen chairs; she prayed to Heaven, and she was comforted; she was weary and heavy laden; she asked for rest, poor girl, and she found it. And as she knelt and prayed, even the black cloaked-vergers hadn't the heart to interrupt the girl's petition to the Father of All.

It is needless to say that Phillida did not stop long in the cathedral. After the cool shades of the great building, the streets without seemed insufferably hot. Phillida wandered about in Edmondsbury, for she felt that she had to put in the time somehow; she wandered about till she was really ready to drop. The very pan-tiles with which the paths were paved seemed heated like the floor of an oven: and after an hour's desultory wandering through the sleepy streets, Phillida began to look out for a pastrycook's, where she could purchase the privilege of sitting down by becoming a customer. Go into

the smallest foreign provincial town you like, and you will find seats for the weary; but you don't find them in an English provincial town. The writer never knew the reason of this till recently. "Oh, we couldn't have seats in our town," said a provincial mayor of whom he made the enquiry, "it would interfere with the publicans." We are very tender to vested interests in this great and happy England of ours.

When Phillida got back to the Grey Cloak School, Miss Mounsey received her very kindly.

"Your sisters are completely fitted out, my dear," she said; "the elder one is unhappy, of course; but the little one, who will be the youngest of my girls," said the old lady with an air of proprietorship, "is thoroughly enjoying herself with some of the little ones. I don't think you need be anxious about your sisters, my dear," she went on, as she handed Phillida a cup of tea; they'll have every care and attention, and no one will be unkind or hard to them. If I were you I should make the parting as short as possible; and you mustn't allow yourself to break down, you know, or you'll upset them altogether."

And then she explained to Phillida that the girls

had a week's holiday at Christmas, and a fortnight at Midsummer, if their friends desired it. "For my part," said Miss Mounsey, "I think it far better that they don't leave us, then they soon get to look upon the school as their home: and, of course, friends and relatives can come and see them at any time."

When the tea equipage had been removed, Miss Mounsey looked at her watch.

"Now, my dear," she said, "I'll go and bring them. They'll startle you a little,



PHILLIDA PRAYING.

perhaps, when you first see them in their new dress; but our girls are very proud of their dress, and so will your little sisters be after a while. I was very proud of it when I wore the dress, my dear," said the gentle old lady, "for I was brought up in the Grey Cloak School; and when I was eight-and-twenty, I became a Dame here, and I've been a Dame here for five-and-twenty years. It's a long time to look back upon, isn't it? but it's been a very happy time." Then Miss Mounsey left the room.

It was a great comfort to Phillida to know from Miss Mounsey's lips that the two children would be well cared for. There couldn't have been a more charming old lady than Miss Mounsey, whose bringing up assuredly did credit to the Grey Cloak Foundation. "Mother 'll be very pleased," thought Phillida.

And then the door opened, and Ethel and Pops, clad in the full dress of the Grey Cloak Girls, made their appearance.

"Oh, isn't it a pretty dress?" cried Pops, flinging her little grey cloak wide open to display the glories of its scarlet lining. "And I've got the littlest pair of mittens they had," continued the young lady. "That nice old lady says they're a bit too big for me, but the shoes fit me, don't they, Phillis?" and flinging off her cloak, the child began to caper and dance about joyously. "And she said, Phillida, that she wanted you to see us in our cloaks; and they're beautifully warm, aren't they, Phillis? And all the girls *would* kiss me because I was so very little. And it's such fun; and one of the girls has got a battledore and shuttlecock, and I've learned. And oh, Phillida, we've come to say good-bye; and Ellen, that's the girl who has the battledore, is waiting for me." And then Miss Dorothy Fane rushed into her eldest sister's arms, and smothered her with kisses. But Ethel, who felt the parting more acutely, didn't speak, her little heart being too full for words, and tears were standing in her eyes as she took Phillida's hand and kissed her solemnly.

"You'll have to take care of Pops, you know, Ethel," said her sister. And Ethel Fane nodded, as she felt that were she to speak she should break down altogether. "And mother and I will write often," continued Phillida consolingly. "And we shall try to come and see you soon; and—and——"

Then the two eldest girls wept in concert, while Pops seized the opportunity of admiring the little portrait that she saw in the old-fashioned convex mirror that hung upon the wall. And then Miss Mounsey entered, and whispered in Phillida's ear that she had not much time to lose. And so the final parting took place, and Phillida hurried away from the Grey Cloak School towards the station. And as Pops, who was watching her from the window, saw her disappear through the archway, she looked at the weeping Ethel in unfeigned astonishment, and turning to Miss Mounsey, calmly remarked, "It is foolish for a big girl like Ethel to cry, isn't it? And I think Ellen 'll be terribly tired of waiting for me so long, don't you?"

If you'd seen the youngest of all the Grey Cloak Girls some five minutes afterwards, you would not have pitied her, for she was hard at work at battledore and shuttlecock with her newly found friend Ellen.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITERARY GIANT.

Little Phillida Fane had quite got over her nervousness; she took great interest in her work, from purely sordid motives be it remembered; she cannot, to use the jargon of the day, be said to have "loved Art for Art's sake," nor can it be pretended, to use the same jargon, that it "had any message for her." Phillida was a determined little girl; Phillida dearly loved her mother; and this avaricious little thing was desperately anxious to earn money—for her mother's sake. And Phillida's earnings made a wonderful difference to the comfort of the little establishment in Lower Calthorpe Street, and it enabled Mrs. Fane and her daughter to rub along. Of course, as yet, Phillida's *clientèle* was not large; but good-natured Mrs. Charnelhouse had befriended her, and Mrs. Charnelhouse had exceptional opportunities of doing so.

"Artistically speaking, my dear," she had said to Phillida on the day she first sat to her, "I'm epicene. I know lots of men, all of whom treat me as a brother; they come here, you know, and smoke their pipes, and they talk shop, and we're as jolly as sand-boys. I'm awfully strict, you know, because Francis is so frightfully jealous. Ah, it's a great thing for a woman when her husband's frightfully jealous; it's the best possible testimonial

to her charms. You know, I'm not the sort of woman that *young* men rave over; between you and me, my child, I think I rather frighten them. Still, it's an advantage to be tall, because at shows and things of that sort, it makes one the observed of all observers, and one's costume is sure to be noticed, and the society journal Jenkins, the man with the little note-book, and the wonderful powers of suction—the man one hates so cordially, and to whom one has to be so desperately civil—can't say he didn't see you; and Francis likes me to be in evidence. You'll have to lunch with us, you know. Milner has told me all about you, my dear, and it's because I know all about you that I ask you to lunch with us; at lunch I shall introduce you to Francis. And I want you to understand Francis; he'll stare you out of countenance, Miss Fane; not that he means to be rude, my dear, in the least; he will simply drink in your beauty and assimilate it; it's his phrase, not mine," said Mrs. Charnelhouse, seeing that Phillida appeared alarmed. "And don't take any notice of his little ways. If he's done a good morning's work, he'll eat a capital lunch, and be as nice as possible; but if his imagination has failed him, he'll say the most unkind things, and he'll order me to give the cook notice; and sometimes he'll insist on having her up and doing it himself; that awful ceremony occurs at least once a fortnight; but I may tell you that our cook has been with us for ten years."

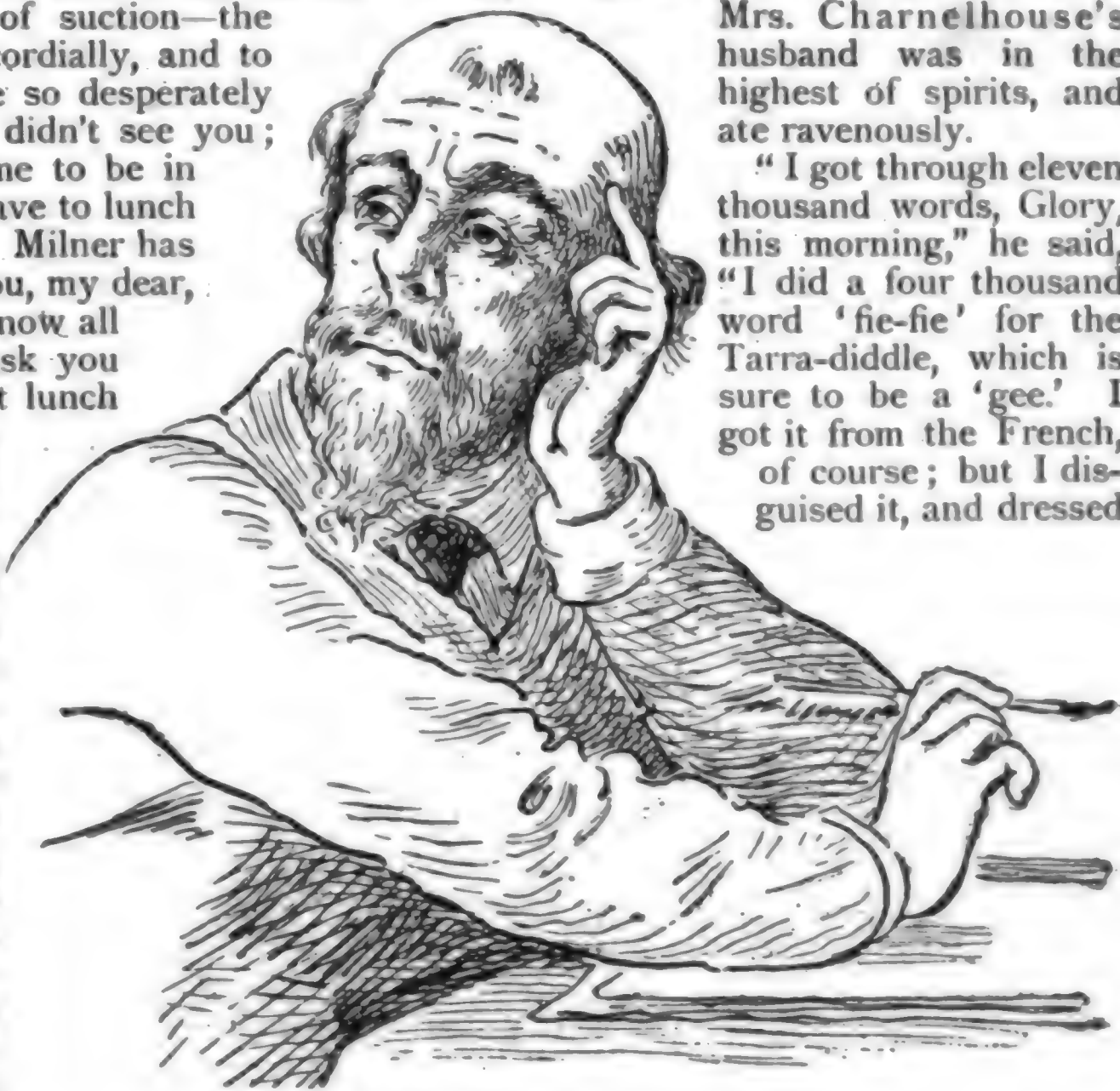
At lunch, Phillida made the acquaintance of Mr. Charnelhouse; she perceived at once that his great soul was much too big for his little body. If you could only have seen Mr. Charnelhouse through a magnifying glass, he would have appeared a distinctly handsome man; he had fine features, large and expressive eyes, and a huge moustache, the ends of which turned up ferociously, like a cavalry officer's.

But Mrs. Charnelhouse was in the habit of explaining to her friends, "Francis stopped growing at fifteen, you know, which accounts for his being only five feet high."

Mr. Charnelhouse dressed rather extensively; he wore very large collars, he had very big cuffs, and very high heeled boots, as all very little men do have.

Mrs. Charnelhouse's husband was in the highest of spirits, and ate ravenously.

"I got through eleven thousand words, Glory, this morning," he said, "I did a four thousand word 'fie-fie' for the Tarra-diddle, which is sure to be a 'gee.' I got it from the French, of course; but I disguised it, and dressed



MR. CHARNELHOUSE, "A LITERARY GIANT."

it up, and turned it inside out, and tied it in a knot; and I don't think Maupassant himself, whose child it really is, would recognise it. He ought to be deeply grateful to me. I wonder where he stole it from. What a prig that fellow Shakespeare was; he's been found out and forgiven long ago, though; you may depend upon it, that now-a-days there's no such thing as really original stuff in fiction. Now don't you interrupt me, Glory, the thing's as plain as pie. We don't need a Solomon to tell us that there's nothing new under the sun. Now I envy you, Miss Fane. To you everything is new, and true, and beautiful; that's because you're young and innocent. Now there's nothing new, or true, or beautiful, to Glory and me; that's because we're neither young nor

innocent. Why, the most ordinary shilling shocker would make a girl like you thrill; there's joy and poetry in an ordinary penny bun to a very little child, while the mere thought of a penny bun causes me mental anguish. I suffer from hyperæsthesia, Miss Fane; you mightn't think it, to look at me; but men who work their brains at high pressure from nine till one every day, except Sundays, always do. I'll trouble you for a second helping of veal cutlet, Glory. I'm doing a novel of sentiment just now, Miss Fane, and when I'm at work upon a novel of sentiment, I like to live upon white meat entirely. Were you ever in love, Miss Fane?"

Phillida pleaded not guilty to the soft impeachment.

"Ah, I'm sorry for that," said the little man, with a deep sigh; "because you might have given me all the details, you know, and I could have worked 'em in. Now Glory has told me every word of her love affairs before she knew me, and I've used 'em all over and over again. Of course I altered the endings, made 'em all pathetic and that sort of thing, you know, because my wife's not the sort of woman to have a love affair with a pathetic ending."

"I'm sure my last love affair had a very pathetic ending," remarked Mrs. Charnelhouse a little tartly.

"Well, I suppose marriage is a pathetic ending. Now you, Miss Fane," said Mr. Charnelhouse, "you would be certain to have most pathetic, even tragic, endings to all your love affairs. Yes," said the little man very solemnly, "you're just the sort of person I want to kill to-morrow with the fumes of charcoal, in her lover's arms; I'll

do it in the morning; yes, I'll describe you when the landlord bursts open the door—

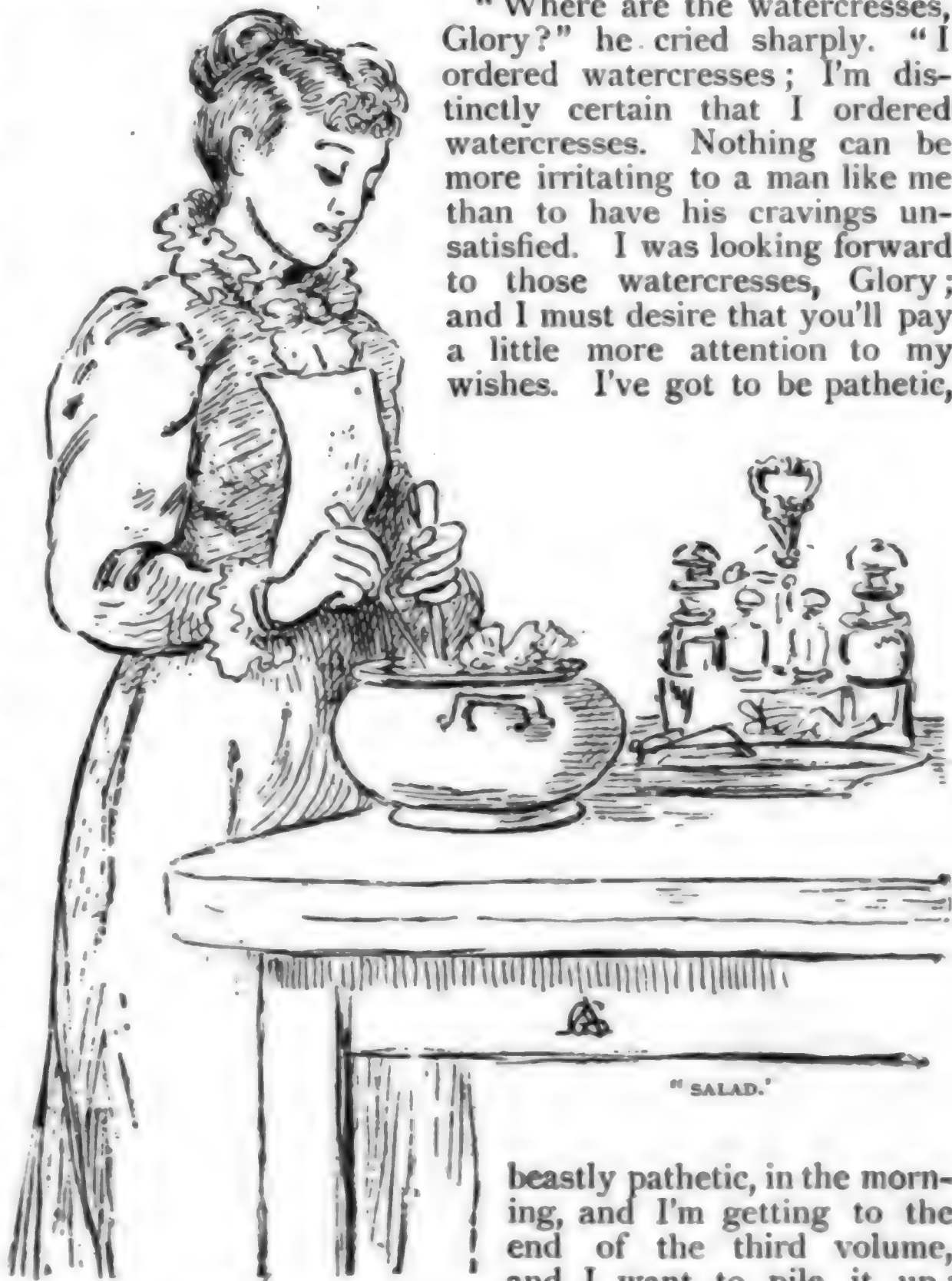
"Before decay's destroying fingers

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

"Don't be horrid, Francis," cried Mrs. Charnelhouse.

Mr. Charnelhouse was silenced for the moment, and helped himself liberally to cream cheese and salad.

"Where are the watercresses, Glory?" he cried sharply. "I ordered watercresses; I'm distinctly certain that I ordered watercresses. Nothing can be more irritating to a man like me than to have his cravings unsatisfied. I was looking forward to those watercresses, Glory; and I must desire that you'll pay a little more attention to my wishes. I've got to be pathetic,



"SALAD."

beastly pathetic, in the morning, and I'm getting to the end of the third volume, and I want to pile it up; and there's a lot of pathos in watercresses, Miss Fane, though you mightn't think it; there are foods that elevate, and there are foods that degrade; I'm sure of it, I've thought it out; and I attribute the degradation of the lower classes to over-indulgence in periwinkles; there's something very degrading in a periwinkle, Miss Fane, there's very little poetry in a periwinkle."

(To be continued).



† I HAD waited for it and worked for it, and it had come at last, come while I was young and able to enjoy it.

Only twenty-five, and I had made a name as an author.

I had written much and with indifferent success, though I had generally succeeded in getting my stories published; but that was not enough for me, and I had started on my last story, with the determination that it should bring me fame, or be my last.

There was nothing particularly new about it: the story of a lovely young girl—forced to slave in order to keep a drunken old father—with a young and wealthy nobleman as her lover; but I had put my whole soul into it; I had slaved at it night and day; I had written as I had never written before, and I succeeded—I was famous.

The critics all agreed that it was the work of the day, and the magazines offered me large sums for my future work.

I was writing one day in my study, when my servant informed me that a young lady was waiting below, and desired to see me.

I was busy, but I had not been famous long enough to give myself airs! and she was shown up.

She hesitated when she saw me. "I wished to speak to Mr. Malcolm," she said.

I explained that I was that gentleman.

"You!" she said, simply; "you look honest."

I said humbly that I had generally considered myself so.

"And yet," she said, "what are we to think? Perhaps you will know why I

have come, when I tell you that I am Ella Charters, my father Ean Charters."

"The names of the father and daughter in my book! I assure you, madam, I have never had the pleasure of seeing either you or your father before to-day."

"Oh, I don't know what to think," she said; "all our neighbours know our cruel story. It can't be an accident; you must have heard. When I came here, I was sure of it; but now, I don't know—you seem to be speaking the truth. Of course your story is a little different, it would have been too apparent otherwise. You have made a nobleman fall in love with me, you have made me beautiful——"

"My dear young lady," I interrupted rather flippantly, "it would not require a genius to do that." I regretted the words the next minute—she flashed such a glance of contempt at me from her haughty eyes.

However, at last, after many apologies on my part, and promises to suppress the names of the two characters in the first edition, and alter them in the second, I succeeded in pacifying her; and convinced, evidently against her will, she left, bidding me a cold good-day.

I drew a long sigh of relief when the door closed on her, and sat down to think it over.

By George! it was awkward—it did seem as if it must be intentional, and contempt is never pleasant, but when it is flashed on one by a pair of lovely eyes, it gets positively unendurable.

They *were* lovely, too. I had certainly given the old man a very bad character. Was the father like that, I wondered. He must be, or she would never have come.

I found myself wondering what kind of life she led, with a parent like that. She looked so sad. Poor girl! she must have a bad time of it.

Was there a young nobleman, I wondered, to comfort her? I began to hope not. Yet—pah! what difference could it make to me? I should probably never see her again. I took up her card—not to see her address, I told myself, only to see if she spelt her name as my heroine did—yes! letter for letter, Miss Ella Charters, no address. I threw it down in disgust. Then I should see her no more—well, perhaps it was better. I succeeded in getting the names altered in the second edition, the first, of course, was impossible; settled down to my work, and in time I had almost forgotten her; only every now and then, when the loneliness of my life made itself felt more than usual, when I was writing in my study of an evening, I would see that graceful, haughty figure standing before me, look again into those lovely eyes, and think, like a fool, how happy a man might be with a woman like that by his side.

The time passed, and I had settled that literature, at its best, was but an uncertain thing; one's invention might fail; fashion might change; so many things might happen; and I determined to fill up my spare time by studying for a profession.

I was only twenty-five, and I chose the medical. Its scope was so boundless—always new discoveries to be made—always good to be done, and besides, it would give me endless material for my stories.

The first year was interesting. I skipped from botany to natural history, from natural history to chemistry. In the "loves of the plants" I forgot the interest I had felt in the lives of the animals. From the delight of digging out huge forgotten animals, from ponderous Darwins and Huxleys, I passed to the study of chemistry, that never ending panorama of discovery and knowledge.

I was fascinated by them all, and I passed my first examination with *éclat*.

Then I came to dissecting. How I hated it! It was interesting to a certain extent, or rather it might have been so; but I could never overcome the feeling of repugnance I felt. I did not turn sick and faint, as so many do at first; it was simply an overpowering feeling of disgust—a

sensation of horror and sadness, that humanity could look so low.

A long, bare room, with rows and rows of wooden tables covered with lead, and with little drains to take away the blood, when there was any; and on them, in different stages of dissection, the masses of flesh—masses with only a wavy ragged outline to tell you they had ever been human beings, who lived and breathed, and had hopes and ambitions.



HER FATHER RECEIVED ME COURTEOUSLY.

It was always a puzzle to me, in my early student days, why they would not give you the bodies to dissect while they still retained some faint resemblance to the human form. Then there would be interest—interest in learning the wonderful mechanism of the human body, seeking out that wonderful, undiscovered country of veins and nerves, and glossy, shining muscles.

That would have its horrors, too; but in the interest you would forget the horror.

As to the body, it didn't hurt that poor helpless thing. All it had had of feeling and sense was far away—somewhere in the *Ewigkeit*.

It had no friends to care, no relatives to mourn. But the authorities, with an obstinacy I loathed them for, kept them and kept them, and pickled them and pickled them, till flesh and nerve, and muscle and vein, all got that horrible colour, all that sickening smell, so that with fingers trembling, and your heart in

your mouth, you took your knife and cut and carved, and pulled—yes, pulled—for you are forced to use your fingers in dissecting, till some faint resemblance to a muscle or nerve gave you some interest in your work; and you forgot. Many a time I had gone through the long day without food, save, perhaps, for a hastily swallowed sandwich at a bar.

For, worst horror of all, when you sat down to a meal with the happy consciousness of no more dissecting till to-morrow, some accidental appearance in the food recalled the ragged things, and you turned sick and faint, and dinner was over for that day.

However, that was at first. I persevered; other men had gone through the same thing, and would still do so.

Some even laughed and joked as they hacked away, and why should not I?

But it's a sad time, that first three months, dissecting. It may alter a man's nature as it may easily alter his religion. I've heard many a young fellow, when we were seated smoking round the fire at night, and getting deeper after the chaff was over, as fellows will do when they get together, I've heard many a young fellow say that dissecting had made him an atheist, and it might easily have that effect on a sensitive mind. As for me, I, who was older than most of them, it seemed to prove the existence of some greater, higher power.

The very weakness, horror, helplessness of those things that had once been so bright,

so clever, so beautiful, showed how impossible it was that there should be no guiding hand, no direction. How impossible that such triumphs

of skill should come into the world only to die and rot, and turn into loathsome ragged things only to make room for others of their kind.

Where was the life, the speech, the feeling in those things that you cut at and hacked?

Cut as deep as you would, you couldn't find it; you could explore every nook and cranny of the thing, it wasn't there—there was no place for it. It wasn't material, yet there it had been; it had gone—where?

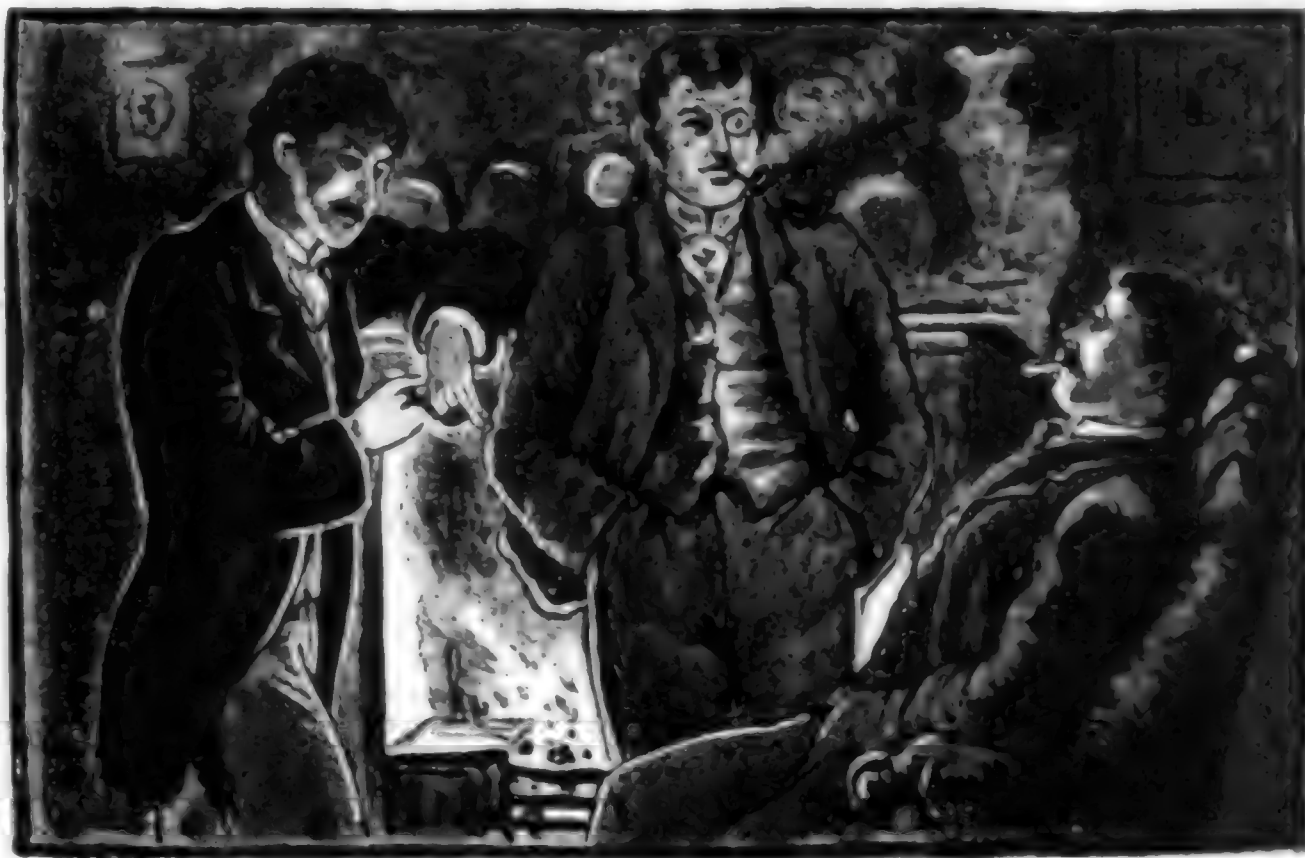
One day I was walking slowly home, with a bad headache. I sauntered along, slowly through the dingy Borough, across London Bridge, hoping that the cool river breeze might cure my head, when the figure of a woman on in front attracted my attention. Something in the graceful, haughty carriage of the head, the neat dress and dainty walk, seemed familiar to me. I passed her rapidly, and, turning round, met her face to face. It was my visitor, Ella Charters. I bowed, and she returned my salute coldly.

When I turned and walked by her side, she hardly seemed to notice me; and I tried in vain, in the long walk to her house, to gain from her some information of her home, her life, her father. My affairs, she said coldly, can have no interest for you. If, as you say, you knew nothing of our story when you wrote that book, it is better you *should* know nothing; we could have little in common.

However, after much persuasion and a little hypocrisy, I got her permission to

call and apologize to her father.

Now, there was nothing for me to apologize for, really—and I knew it—and there was nothing for me to feel guilty



H. P. R. Y.

SMOKING ROUND THE FIRE.

about, but somehow, she was so haughty, so contemptuous almost, that I always did when I was with her.

I called the next day.

Their house was a very small one—one of a dirty row of dirty cottages—but inside it was beautifully clean, everywhere the signs of a woman's presence and taste.

Ella was out, but her father received me courteously, and accepted my apologies gracefully. He told me—what

was easy to see—that he had been a gentleman once, of good family, and that connections, with whom he had quarrelled, might see the story—for he had kept the family name—and it might recall him to them in a very unpleasant manner. He had evidently been very handsome once, and even now had his daughter's graceful way of holding his head, but he was aged, dissipated, broken down, and he had a regular drunkard's face.

He discovered, in the course of conversation, that I was a doctor.

"Then you'll know, sir," he said, "why I drink, when I tell you what's wrong with me," and he

mentioned a disease, rare, fortunately, as it is horrible, in the pain with which it tortures the poor creatures who suffer from it.

"Don't tell Ella," he said, "poor girl, she thinks it is the drink I love for its own sake, and sometimes I almost think it is; at first I hated it, but when the pain got hold of me, I drank and drank to get rid of it. Poor girl, she's got trouble enough, without knowing that her poor father may

be taken any minute, and she left in the world alone. She's had a hard life, sir; but she loves her old blackguard of a father, and slaves for me night and day."

"I earn nothing," he continued; "at first I used to get situations, but the pain would come after I had stayed a week or so, and I got turned away, and now I almost believe I like the drink for the oblivion it brings, and she comes after me, time after time, and brings me back."

"I tell you, man!" he said passionately, "if it wasn't for that girl I should have been in my grave years ago. When I am sober, I shudder to think of the places that angel rescues me from, all alone, through the streets at night."

He was interrupted by Ella's entrance.

She evidently suspected that he had been confiding in me, as, hardly noticing me, she told him he must go to bed, he had been up too long, and—casting a half-reproachful glance at me—he had been exciting himself, and fretting. There was nothing for me to do, but take my leave.

The old man bade me good-bye, almost affectionately, asking me to come again and cheer him up. Ella, seeing that he had really taken a fancy to me, coldly seconded him, and I went, promising to return in a day or two.

I went again, and again; and, gradually, it got to be quite an understood thing that I should drop in of an evening, when the day's work was over.

I used to take little offerings of tobacco



I RAISED MY HAT.

and old brandy to the invalid—offerings taken more in the hope of winning a smile from Ella, than to please the invalid himself, though, of late, I had grown quite fond of the old fellow.

When he wasn't stupid with drink, there was a kind of rollicking humour about him, and a brilliancy of conversation, that was fascinating to a young man.

These were the happiest evenings of all my lonely life.

I used to sit listening to Charters, watching Ella sewing in the corner.

He could always bring a smile to that proud, cold face; smiles I tried in vain to win.

In vain I exerted myself to be brilliant; in vain I invented, joked, and laughed; at last I gave it up as a bad job. I could, evidently, never hope to interest her, and sometimes I wondered if she positively disliked me.

Every now and then, I came and found her in tears; tears which her proud nature tried in vain to hide. Charters had gone again—the old story—and we would sally out in search of the prodigal. Sometimes to find him in a police-station, sometimes in some low pot-house; oftener engaged in some drunken brawl—predicaments from which only a man's strength could rescue him. I used to feel guilty, but I couldn't help it, I was glad when it was the latter. Many a time I had gone home with a black eye, or a broken nose, got in the attempt to win her thanks; and gradually, so gradually that I hardly noticed it, or knew how the change took place, she softened, and grew kinder; and when she could think of anything but her father, and his troubles, would seem quite glad of my companionship.

One day, Charters disappeared.

Of late he had been growing worse in his head, and he had confided in me, that he had felt the pain much more severely of late, and knew he had not much longer to live.



AND WALKED HOME SLOWLY.

"Poor Ella!" he said, with the tears in his eyes. "Take care of her when I am gone. She'll break her heart for a time, but she'll soon get over it, and I shall soon be forgotten. Young people are young people, and it's enough to ask her to give up her youth to me. She likes you, Malcolm, I'm sure she does. She's young, she's seen the world at its worst, she knows what suffering is, and she'll make a good wife; and you deserve it, my boy, for your kindness to a broken down drunkard like me."

"I don't understand you," I said, a wild hope growing in my heart. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; I've watched you together when you thought me asleep or drunk—I've seen that you are fond of her. She's too proud to show it, but she likes you, Malcolm, I'm sure of it. You can't tell, my boy, how happy it's made me. You can't think what torture it has been to me, when I've woken from a drunken sleep in the middle of the night, to know that I'm ruining her young life, spending in drink the money she is spending the best years of her life in earning. I shall die more easily now, and I shan't feel such a black-guard when the pain comes again and I drink it away. I've only a short time left—it's getting almost beyond my power of bearing, the pain is."

I left him that night, and walked home slowly, thinking over his words. They brought a happiness too great to be real, I thought; his hopes for a brighter, happier, better life for her after his death, had deceived him. How could he see what I, with all my love and longing, had missed. Love her! Yes, I loved her—I felt I had from the first time I had seen her face—with a love that had only grown stronger, as I saw how she cared for her father; how she worked for him; how bravely she bore the shame of his wasted life, and how she denied herself all that could brighten hers. How she strove to seem cheerful and happy, and bent that

haughty spirit of hers to accept gifts from me, for his sake.

They could not afford a doctor, save when Charters was worse than usual, and none could do him permanent good.

I used to rack my knowledge of medicine to find some drug to soften the pain a little; but one could not do much.

The night he disappeared I had come down with the intention of telling her everything. I felt hopeless, but I was desperate. A word, a glance, a smile, anything that might have given me hope, and I'd have waited years for the rest; but there was no sign of anything save indifference, or, at most, friendship. However, when I reached their house Charters had gone, and I knew that it was useless to speak that day.

In vain we searched all his old haunts: the vulgar pot-houses, the police-stations, even the bridges—it was useless; he had gone—lost somewhere in the slums and alleys of the Borough.

I said good-bye to her on the door-step of her desolate home, promising her to do my utmost to trace him in the morning.

Weeks passed and there was no news. Ella had feared the worst, and was growing more resigned. The relief, unknown to herself, was beginning to tell.

The happiness of going to bed without the fear of being awakened to see him brought home, cut and bleeding, from some den of drink and horror, the relief from such cares and troubles was bringing her happiness, though she was ignorant of it.

I was still going on with my medical studies—and was getting more used to the work by this time, and even began to take an interest in it.

The day before I had heard of the possibility of getting a fresh "part." A really new body was waiting for us, and as it was near the end of the session, the authorities wanted it dissected at once.

I paid the money necessary, and settled down to my work. I was soon unsettled, however, by seeing a tattoo mark on the arm.

Now, a plain arm, without any marks on it, is inoffensive and ordinary—has no individuality—but a tattooed arm has.

It is disagreeable and embarrassing. It forces you to notice it, in a vulgar, swaggering way. It makes you remember that it once lived—that once its owner was idle and happy—you can see him, a sailor

perhaps, pricking the Union Jack and the portrait of his Nancy Lee on his sunburnt arm. This mark was not the Union Jack . . . it was . . . oh, heavens! it was a monogram—E. C.

I tore the bandage from the face. Yes, it was Ean Charters! This was the end of his wasted life—the dissecting table—this her father's fate! Never more to be brought back from some drunken bout, never more to be tortured by conscience and racked by pain. I should never again hear his rollicking, jovial laugh.

How well I remembered the day he did that monogram.

Ella was sitting watching him, lovingly smiling—would she smile again if she ever knew?

Her father to come to this—a nameless pauper, dead in a hospital—brought here to be laughed over by careless students, to be cut and hacked at. Sold, sold! like any other wretched carcase—kept there, in that room, on that table, till his handsome face was—

It was too much for me. I broke down and sobbed like a child. I was thankful I was alone—thankful the room was empty—empty save for the ragged things that seemed to laugh at me, taking their revenge for my hatred of them.

A wild, maddening, horrible thought struck me like a knife—a thought so horrible, that for a moment I feared I was going mad. Suppose it had been her instead. Why not? They were friendless, paupers. It wanted but an accident.

I rushed out into the cool air to think. What could I tell her?

Enquiries at the hospital resulted in my learning that Charters had been brought there with an attack of delirium tremens, had refused to give the names of any friends or relatives, and had died in great pain, with only the word "Ella" on his lips.

I kept away from Ella for a day or two. I was determined to dabble no more in professions. I was evidently unfitted for them. I would go home and settle down to my writing, and forget *her*. It would be cruel, but I felt I must do it.

For a week I kept my word—for a week I wrote like one possessed—and to what end? After those days of solitude and absence, I knew what I had felt before—that life to me without her was hopeless, impossible.

I must see her once more—tell her

everything; if she refused to listen — well, I wouldn't think of that yet.

I positively hadn't had the heart to try to get poor Charters' body from the authorities, but I invented a story of a peaceful death for the old fellow in sunny, southern France. I pictured him leaving England for *her* sake, and a little grave in a village churchyard; but I nearly broke down when she thanked me for it.

I had gone in to see her one evening. The lights were out in the little sitting-room, her money was all gone, poor girl, and she could afford no gas; but the blinds were up, and the moon was shining peacefully in at the window, and seemed to



"LOVE ME, MARRY ME," I CRIED.

shed a new light over our lives; and as I felt her hand in mine, and saw the moonlight on her sad, young face, haughty no longer now, I told her all the love that was rising, rising to my lips. "Love me, marry me," I cried, "and we'll go through the world together, side by side. We are both alone now: I have no relatives, no friends, and you have lost your last. This is the last sad night of wandering and despair — a brighter day may dawn. Let us meet it together — meet the daylight as we met the dark — meet the happiness as we met the gloom." And as I looked into those glorious eyes, I saw that the light was dawning there, and that I need have no fear.



THE HISTORY OF A PILGRIMAGE.

Author of "Kilgroat," "Self
Exiled," "Letters to Living
Authors," &c.

CHAPTER I.

EACH of us had his own sufficient reasons for seeking a change of climate. Brown had trouble with his creditors, and thought an indefinite absence might cure their importunity. Smith had lost a breach of promise case in which he had assessed the damage to his affections at £20,000, and was disgusted with the whole legal system of his country. As for me, a spell of arduous philanthropy among the upper classes had so reduced my constitution, that the doctor said nothing but travel could restore my health. So we decided to go abroad together. At first we thought of running up the Congo, or taking a trip through Siberia, but considering how those regions have been overrun of late by European tourists, we changed our minds. The final decision was in favour of America as being less frequented, less hackneyed, so to speak. "Everybody goes to the heart of Africa nowadays," said Smith, not without contempt in his tone. "'Arry and 'Arriet are at this very moment dropping their h's among the pygmies of the Great Central Forest, and next week a deputation from the Salvation Army, and travellers for a

firm of soap manufacturers, a firm of pill makers, and a certain brewery start for the head waters of the Congo. Are we to be for ever in the highways of commerce?" That settled it. We would explore the untrodden paths beyond the great Atlantic; face the strangers of the prairie on their native heath.

We took a good many persons into our confidence, and received many valuable suggestions, none of which, unfortunately, was of any use. All our friends recognised the daring and adventurous character of the enterprise, and begged us, for Heaven's sake, to be cautious. But all encouraged us to go on. They said that, seeing how little was known of America in England, and the slight commerce there was between the two countries, our expedition could not but be productive of the greatest public good. When the report flew that we were going to brave the dangers of the Atlantic, and of the dark Continent that lay beyond, the newspaper editors came in a body praying us to write them an account of our travels. They said the flying impressions of three such illustrious persons could not fail to be of immense interest to the world

at large, and would just treble their circulation. We had only to name our own terms. We are not against doing a good turn; and Smith, who was the business man of the party, said, that everything considered, £6,000 for half-a-dozen letters would be fair—the amount, to prevent misunderstandings, to be paid in advance. But for reasons which it is unnecessary to state, the deal did not come off.

There was some difficulty about the means of transportation. Brown hated steamers, having a frisky liver; and Smith could not abide sailing ships, having an

impatient spirit. As a compromise, I suggested a balloon. Both were struck with the idea, but it fell through, chiefly I think, because Brown's grandmother, a hale and sarcastic old lady of 107, ridiculed it. Some mention was made also of the tendency of balloons to alight in mid ocean, which might cause vexation and delay. Anyway, the balloon sugges-

tion wasn't adopted, and we had to descend to something commoner. We examined all the shipping in the Thames to no purpose. Not a craft among the lot would suit us; and it wasn't until we went through every vessel in the port of Liverpool that we finally made our choice. It was Brown made it, and Brown's liver paid up for it. That was one satisfaction. But of that you shall hear presently.

The voyage out was an eventful one. All the storm fiends were let loose together, and an unpleasant set they are. I will refrain from describing their antics, as those things are best done by writers who

have never been to sea. To know too much about a subject spoils one for writing about it. It is knowledge that makes men dull; that is why learned men write books which nobody can read, and preachers become bores in the pulpit. A wise man commits no greater mistake than when he tries to impart wisdom and information to others. The articles are not in demand; they are not popular with the masses, and until some miracle takes place never will be. As I have a profound respect for the multitude, I am not going to give what is not wanted; the blowing

and bursting of great guns that took place in the course of that voyage will not be described; only indicated by a few of their results.

You are to understand that we did not go on board with too light a sense of what we were undertaking. We had carefully fortified ourselves against the demon of the deep—as one of my friends poetically styled seasickness.

Smith, who is a person of cast-iron theories, took the party in hand, and insisted on our dining sumptuously on German sausages, pork chops, and bottled stout, before setting foot on the ship. "If you want to keep well eat and drink," he said. "Your liver is troublesome, Brown, my boy, because you don't give it enough to do. Don't tell me it isn't, for I know better. A liver is just like a horse; if you don't give it reasonable exercise, there is no keeping it in order. To go on board ship on an empty stomach is the greatest folly in life." We assuredly didn't go on board on an empty stomach, but on a packed one.



SMITH INSISTED ON OUR DINING SUMPTUOUSLY ON GERMAN SAUSAGES, ETC.

The first night, running across the Channel, Brown was pale and thoughtful, not ill, you understand, but averse to company, and given to lonely meditation. The second night, when we had lost sight of the pretty black-eyed Irish girls who sold us relics of the blissed Saint Patrick, made from timber recently cut in the woods about Queenstown, and the waves began to run a bit higher, Brown confessed to feeling squeamish, and he certainly looked yellow. "I feel deuced queer," he said, with the most pathetic flicker of a smile you ever saw, as the gong sounded for dinner. "You won't mind my retiring, will you?" And he went suddenly, with his hands pressed upon his epigastric region. As Smith and I were leaving the saloon after the meal, we heard him feebly calling for the steward, and went to see what was the matter.

He was lying in his berth very subdued, his interest in life apparently gone. The vessel was heaving slightly, which made him uncomfortable.

"Oh, this is dreadful," he moaned. "Why did I leave England? Please go and see if the captain will stop the ship, if only for five minutes. This is too much to bear."

There was one of those sudden and embarrassing interruptions which are so apt to break conversation in a choppy sea. When he was a little easier, Brown said softly, taking each of his friends by the hand:

"Old fellows, I'm dying. This is more than nature can stand. I shall never see the other side; I shall be buried in the deep blue sea, and none will ever shed tears over my grave. Oh—oh—there, do go and ask the captain to stop. Why does he torture a man's last moments like this? Oh—go!—there's part of my liver gone—call the doctor. I never thought it was so hard to die; somebody told me it was easy. He—oh, my—he was a villainous liar."

Then the poor fellow went off into fearful convulsions, and when the fit was over he lay back exhausted; then, getting his breath a little, he looked up in Smith's face and said:

"Those pork chops and sausages were very good, and as a beverage there's nothing like stout, I know that. I don't bear you any ill-will, Smith, I don't say you have killed me; you did it all for the best; but I think you're mistaken

about the liver. Give everybody my blessing."

As there were symptoms of another fit we left him, and as his eyes followed us we knew he never expected to see us again.

"Brown seems to feel rather bad, doesn't he?" remarked Smith, as we made our way on deck. "He'd be a dashed sight worse, though, if he hadn't got those pork chops and German sausages. But what's the use of arguing with a sick man? Now look at me, on good feeding I can weather the stiffest gale that ever wind did blow, as we used to recite at school. So long as this ship's larder holds out, you don't catch me sneaking to my bunk like a rat with a sore head. A man ought to have some spirit; what's the use of Brown making such a fuss because he happens to be a little out of sorts?"

That night the ship made league with the elements, and next morning the decks were without passengers and the hatches battened down. The vessel was capering,



"WE WILL LIVE OR DIE TOGETHER," SHE SCREAMED.

and turning somersaults, and, except at momentary intervals, darkness reigned below. That was the liveliest forenoon I ever experienced without lights. Such of the passengers as left their berths waltzed desperately about the saloon, recklessly butting each other, and playing nine-pins with all moveable articles of furniture, especially crockery, in spite of the utmost efforts of stewards to maintain order.

Her superior weight told. As we gyrated madly, all else had to give way; our course was strewn with the prostrate bodies of those who had presumptuously endeavoured to withstand us. I never saw anything like it. We were irresistible; whatever we touched, be it man, woman, or piece of furniture, went down. Had an elephant stood in our way, it would have gone down just the same. I never before so clearly understood the value of weight, mere dead weight, put in motion by a skipping and leaping ship. I knew that nothing could bar my progress round that saloon, yet I was glad when I managed to slip out my head and leave the lady to revolve alone.

All the while the tumult was deafening, and the confusion of tongues worse than that of Babel. A great many of the

gentlemen swore; most of the ladies screamed; only a few of either sex had the presence of mind to pray. I have a dim idea that I wasn't one of them. But the personal results are vivid in my mind. I came out of the *melée* minus my two best front teeth, and plus fifty-five wounds, any one of which, the doctor said, might have proved fatal. The liveliest thing in Creation is a ship in a storm, and the least considerate.

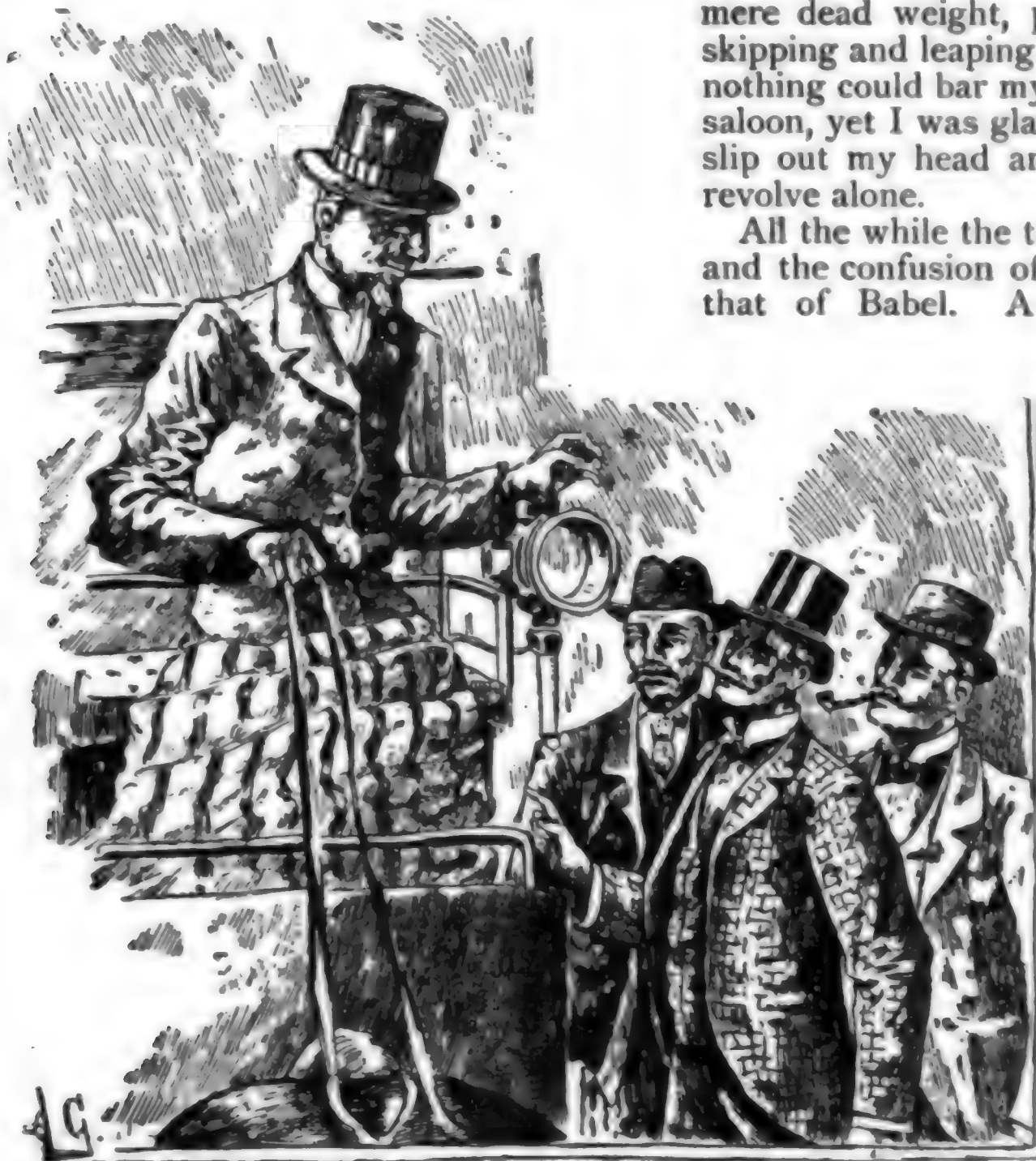
In the hurly-burly I saw, felt, or heard

nothing of Smith, and fancied he was blithely bolting pork chops and German sausages, and quaffing goblets of stout in some quiet corner, to brace himself against the raging of the sea. But as I was groping my way along a passage somebody clutched me, while an imploring voice cried:

"Oh, if you have the bowels of a Christian, lead me to my bunk."

It was Smith. I led him as gently as I could to his room, and put him to bed.

"Do you think your liver has quite enough to do, old man?" I said. "I don't



HE DIDN'T GIVE A CONTINENTAL WHETHER WE HIRED HIM OR NOT.

Ladies rushed shrieking into the arms of gentlemen, and gallantry being out of place, gentlemen incontinently knocked ladies down. The gentlemen, however, had not always the best of it. I know, because I suffered. One immense dame, whose proportions had been a matter of wonder to me ever since coming on board, got hold of me, locked her giant arms about my neck, and steadfastly declined to let go.

"We will live or die together," she screamed caressingly in my ear. "Oh, this is awful."

know whether there are any pork chops and sausages on board, but if you like I'll get you something fat and a few hard boiled eggs. That might set you right."

He smiled in a sickly fashion. I left him to fetch a steward; when I returned his spirit was ebbing fast.

"Oh," he said, and his heart seemed broken, "do you think there is any chance of the ship going down; tell me, is there any hope of such a thing?"

"I'll ask the captain," I answered, and I went my way pondering on the futility of human power. Here was a man who had taken every precaution, done all that human ingenuity and a good appetite could suggest to ward off sickness, and now he was praying that the ship might go down.

We sighted huge fleets of icebergs, but didn't see a single disconsolate polar bear drifting past to certain death. Off the coast of Newfoundland there was no fog, and consequently no collision. We made no widows and orphans that trip, a piece of humanity that caused keen disappointment to some on board. Not that anyone was heathen enough to long for the cries of drowning men. The disappointment was financial.

"I'll bet a fiver it'll be thick off the banks," said an enterprising Yankee in mid-ocean. He was taken up, and as he was paying his bet to Smith (Smith hadn't died, nor strangely enough had Brown; both were on deck again with the appetite of sharks and a merriment that knew no bounds), as the Yankee was handing over the five dollars in gold to Smith, he remarked querulously,

"Waal, I call this rough. I've crossed this blessed pond five-and-twenty—no, le' me see, seven-and-twenty—seven-and-twenty and a half times, sir, and darn me if I ever saw the banks without a fog before. Nature's playing it a little low down on a fellow, that's all I can say."

Somewhere in New York Bay the pilot came on board, and was mobbed for news. A little later the Customs' men appeared, causing tremendous excitement among ladies with large bustles and stuffed-out linings of dresses. When we got out of the hands of the inquisition we fell into those of the cabman. The change was scarcely a happy one. The former was civil, the latter was not. He smoked a cigar a foot long—everybody in America smokes cigars, from the baby up—spat

ostentatiously and contemptuously, gave us to understand that his was a free country, and that he didn't give a continental whether we hired him or not. At the same time, being open to business, even with "furriners," he would drive us to our hotel, a distance of half a mile, for six dollars and seventy-five cents, that is to say, about twenty-eight shillings of our English money. When he had bullied us into submission, and we were about to enter the cab on his own terms, his eye fell on our innocent portmanteaus.

"Ain't them leather things yourn?" he asked, spitting in the direction of the objects meant.

We tremblingly admitted they were our property.

"Want them to go 'long, I reckon?"

"Yes," said Smith, who was our business manager. "We should like to have them with us."

That'll be four dollars and fifty cents more." Smith protested.

"If you think I sit on this yere box for the good of my health you've made a mighty big mistake," retorted cabby scornfully.

"That's evident," said Smith, submissively. "Well, get the things up."

We expected him to get down and lift them; but he didn't.

"Here, you Jake," he called to one of a crowd of roughs that had been gently chaffing us while the cabman bullied, "Bundle up that baggage, will yer?"

Jake twisted his cigar in his mouth, withdrew his hands from his pockets, and came forward. Having eyed the portmanteaus suspiciously for a minute or two as if they might possibly contain infernal machines, he caught them one by one and tossed them up.

"Fifty cents," he said, turning to Smith.

"Two shillings!" said Smith, making a rapid calculation. "Monstrous! Ten cents would be ample."

"Heft that thar baggage down," said Jake, turning to the driver, "the dooks is broke." Then Smith, with a burning face, paid the money, and we drove away amid a chorus of jeers in which Jake's voice was loudest.

CHAPTER II.

"The first taste of the great Republic's kind of tart, is'nt it?" remarked Smith. And then after a pause, "If I hadn't made

up my mind to be a duke, I think I'd be an American cabby. The position is one of striking independence, and gives unlimited opportunity for discharging gall upon your fellow mortals; that is a great consideration in a world that's given to ruffling the feelings. But a ducal position has its advantages also, particularly among strangers."

We stared at him.

"You a duke?" said Brown.

"Even so," returned Smith, with the complacency of a saint; and if you fellows have any gumption about you, you'll be baronets at least."

"That is to say imposters," said Brown.

"I didn't know you were a man of scruples," retorted Smith. "If you're on a missionary tour, I must bid you good-day. Maybe you have come out here to convertt he heathen. If so, you needn't be idle; but my mission's of a somewhat different complexion."

"But democracy scouts titles," said Brown.

"Does it?" said Smith. "You just wait and see. Let me be a duke and you plain Mr. Brown, and see which of us gets most cake."

"Well," said Brown stubbornly, "the Americans always laugh at our titles."

"In theory," answered Smith; "but you are exceedingly simple if you have not yet discovered how very seldom theory and practice have even a bowing acquaintance on this planet. According to the Constitution, I understand, there can be no hereditary titles in the United States, and if secret thoughts were as plain as professions, you would find that same provision a grievous disappointment to many who shelter under the wing of the screaming eagle. It's in human nature to admire the peacock's tail, in spite of all that demagogue and envious democrat may say. It's just as natural as to make wry faces over sour grapes. How many millionaires, think you, would flit across the border into Canada to-morrow if by so doing they could procure even a second-hand British title to give the finishing touch to their gilded progeny? What makes American heiresses flock to Europe every year? Perhaps they cross the Atlantic to exclaim in picture galleries, and 'guess' and 'reckon' among mouldering ruins, and display their ignorance of history in the Tower of London and the Coliseum. Are these their innocent pur-

poses? You are a good deal more innocent than they are if you think so. They visit Europe to speculate in titles; that's what they're up to. With a subtleness of art of which poor old Eve never dreamed, they rattle their bags of gold and flash their diamonds before the aristocratic scions of decayed houses, and, bless you, the bait takes amazingly. The hungry aristocrat plays, nibbles, shows a disposition to gulp. The wily sylph telegraphs the intelligence to dad in cipher, and dad replies in cipher, 'Secure him, my child. Cost no object. Let me know his figure, and the old man will stump up.' And the figure being named, the bargain is struck. Then there are big headings in the American papers as it is announced that Miss Sally McPhun, 'of this City,' is about to ally herself to the Grand Duchy of Pickleberg. Generally, too, there are speculations as to the number of millions Sally's papa has to pour into the bankrupt exchequer of her future husband. Titles, indeed! Isn't Europe fairly swarming with countesses whose revered sires sweated in shirt-sleeves and apron over lard and molasses in Chicago and Milwaukee, that coronets might deck their daughters' brows? The mass of European nobility that Western hogs support is incalculable."

"You astonish me," said Brown.

"You need not be astonished," replied Smith. "You see it's like this: On one side there's blood, with the additional attraction of gout and some relics of ancient and illustrious vices thrown in, on the other there's blunt. Now the blood wants the blunt, and the blunt wants the blood, and the union's as natural as the blending of whisky and water. In another generation our English House of Lords will be run by Yankee grandparents. Scout titles, indeed! While I'm on American soil, I'm a duke. With an eyeglass, an English accent, a portwine complexion, the fashion of Bond Street, plenty of brass, and a patronising air towards democracy, wonders can be accomplished."

"Your qualifications to create a sensation are undoubted," admitted Brown. "But what's to be your title?"

"Well! what do you think of Dunnington? The Duke of Dunnington, his Grace of Dunnington — fills the mouth pretty well, doesn't it?"

"It will do as well as another; but

what if some one discovers it is not in Burke?"

"Pooh!" replied Smith. "No one will think of consulting Burke with me at hand to make an impression. Besides, if Burke should be consulted, I am a brewer, you know, or a banker, or a railway contractor, or a wholesale huckster lately raised to the peerage. No fear of being taken un-awares. But we shall be at our hotel, presently.

What are you fellows going to do?"

"As for me," I answered, "I'm a plain man, and do not think a title would become me. But Brown might as well be a baronet, or if he cared, a viscount."

Brown, however, protested that he also was a plain man, and that a title would only prove an encumbrance. Besides, he thought a duke was quite sufficient to give tone to the party.

"Well, then," said Smith, adjusting his eye-glass, and assuming a ducal air that was really imposing, "see you don't forget your parts; whatever you do, don't break down, and expose me and yourselves to ridicule. I'm 'your Grace,' you understand, or in moments of familiarity, 'Dunnington.' It will be just as well if we practise in private what we have to

perform in public. Oh, by Jove, here we are! now for it."

Brown leaped out first, and turned deferentially to Smith.

"Be careful, your Grace," he said, with

as much gravity as if Smith had been all his life a duke. "Can I look after your Grace's luggage?"

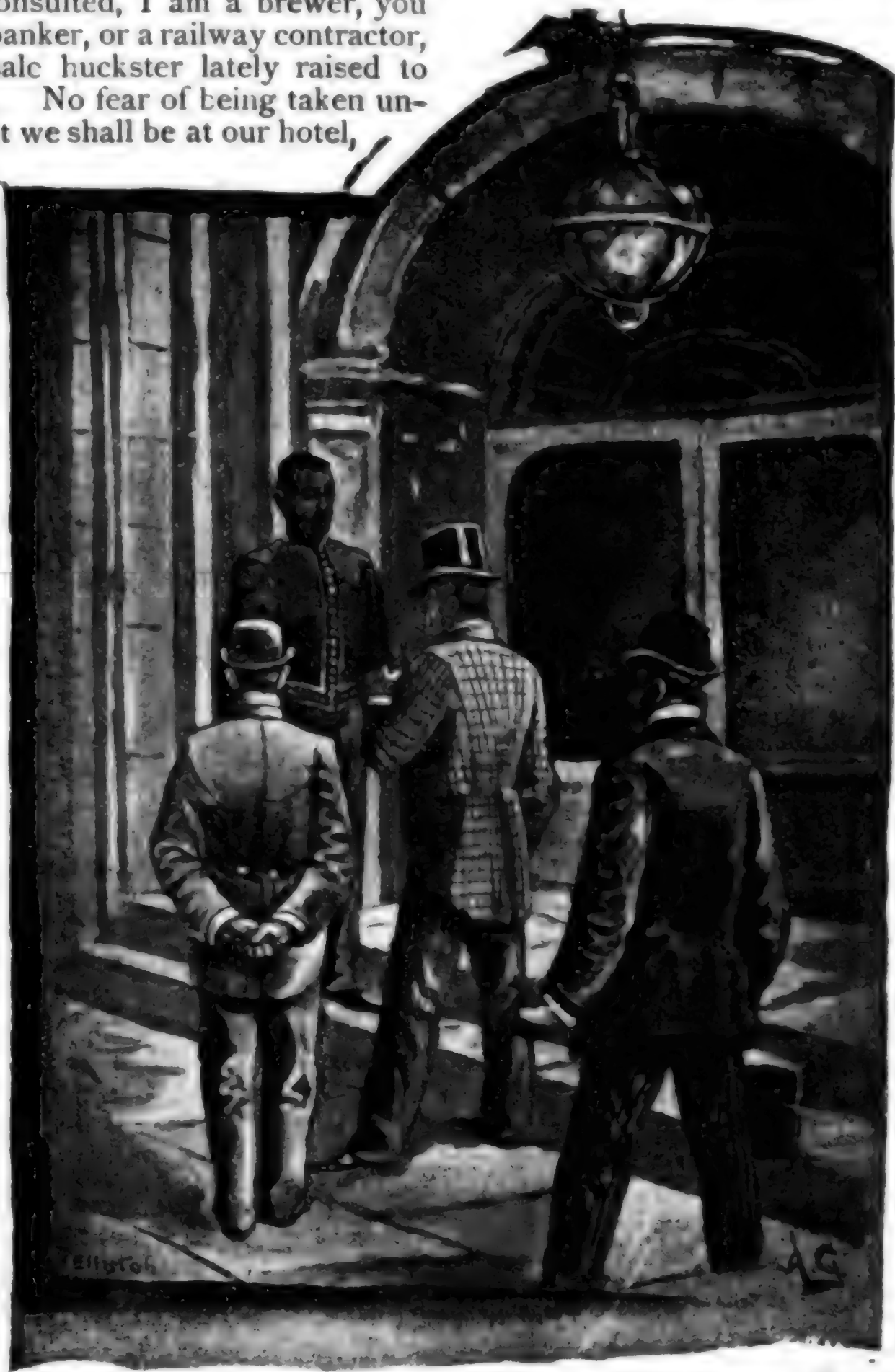
Smith bore himself admirably, for he had a conceit that fitted him for the part. On the steps of the hotel an ebony gentleman was waiting to receive us. He was decked out in splendid raiment, and had that air of independence which is natural and proper in a country where all colours are born equal.

Smith

looked up at the picture in gold and black.

"Ah, weally, a niggah," he said after a leisurely survey. "Yes, Bwown, perhaps you will have the goodness to look aftah my luggage, and it may be the niggah will assist you."

For a little the niggah seemed to be uncertain whether he would or not. He returned the duke's scrutiny with perfect



SMITH LOOKED UP AT THE PICTURE IN GOLD AND BLACK.

composure, then passed his eye slowly over Brown and myself, as if appraising the financial value of the lot. Presently he beckoned to another gentleman of colour in the rear, and the two came down the steps.

Having looked with every sign of suspicion all over our portmanteaus, turned them upside down, read the labels (Smith's, fortunately, had no name), and kicked them to test their firmness, they snorted contemptuously, and bore the luggage off, desiring us to follow.

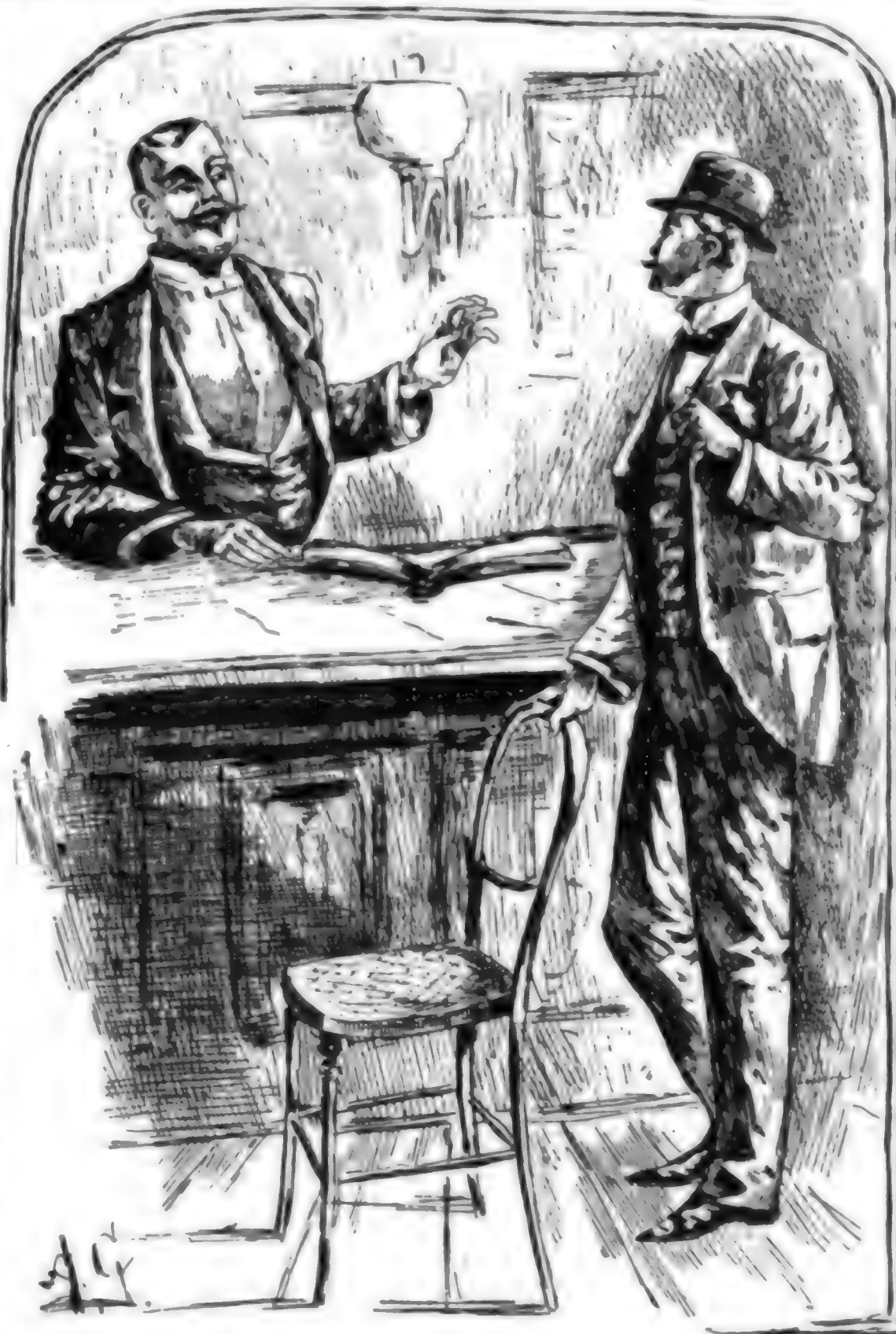
We entered a great pillared hall as large as a cathedral, but destitute of all evidence of devotion. Some hundreds of men in the various costumes of the country—some in buckskins, some in frock coats, some in patent leather pumps, others in top-boots—sat about in chairs, their feet mostly in the air, and their mouths bristling with a forest of cigars. The handsome mosaic floor was strewn with spittoons, and a gaily appressed official walked about to see that the smokers expectorated according to the printed regulations hung on the wall. The Americans are without doubt the first spitters in the world. A Turk fancies he knows how to spit, so does a German; but neither can compete with an American. In the United States an average spitter will sit twenty feet off

a spittoon and hit the bull's eye every time, while an expert will kill a fly on the wall from a distance of forty feet. It is rather hard on the wall, and seems ignominious on the fly, but the sport is popular.

The niggers laid down our portmanteaus in the centre of the hall, and intimated that we must go to the booking office.

"Ah, to be shuah," said the duke, gazing about him generally; and then to me, "Will you book for the entiah pawty?" adding in a significant aside, "See you knock the breath out of them, paralyse them by talking about me and the extent of my estates, and the length of my rent roll. And for heaven's sake mind my reputation."

I was then conducted to a polished mahogany counter, behind which stood the most gorgeously caparisoned individual I had ever set eyes



"THEN YOU MUST PAY IN ADVANCE."

on. No sovereign in Europe had half his splendour. He was set, framed in gold and precious stones. Diamonds flashed upon his fingers, diamonds blazed in his affluent shirt bosom, diamonds radiated from a cluster of lockets that dangled from an albert chain as massive as a ship's cable, and of the purest ore. The cuffs that sheltered his jewelled hands were fastened with links of gold of curious and costly work-

manship. Whatever part of his person would bear jewellery, there jewellery was set. His hair was oily, his waistcoat white, and acres of linen gleamed about the various parts of his figure. Finally, his clothes fitted better than those of the best attired and most symmetrical dummy that ever beguiled a confiding public in a tailor's window.

I gazed on this resplendent being with all the awe and more than the admiration of a devout Hindu before his supreme idol. Overwhelmed, as became a common mortal in the presence of such magnificence, I opened not my mouth. The dazzling, fascinating creature was reading a newspaper, and I could not have been bribed to disturb him. When he had turned the paper over fifteen times he yawned; then his eye fell on me with a look of austere, supercilious enquiry. I made my humblest obeisance, and he walked up to the counter. Having inspected me, he pushed a huge book like a ledger in front of me. Then, without speaking a word, he turned away, whistling a bar of the "Swaneeey River," to admire his own lustrous effects in a mirror. That operation concluded to his satisfaction, he returned to the counter.

"Registered?" he said, wheeling the huge book towards him.

"I—I fear not, your highness." I faltered and I tried to smile, but couldn't.

"Why not?" he demanded sternly. "Didn't you see the book?"

"Yes, my lord, I saw the book. In fact, an object of such dimensions could scarcely be missed."

"Then, why didn't you register? Take that pen there and write your name; I reckon you can do that. Are you alone?"

"No, sire."

"Who is with you?"

"An illustrious company, your serene highness. His Grace the Duke of Dunnington and Mr. Herbert Lestrangle Fitz-Gorman Brown."

Brown's real name was William, we called him Bill, but I thought I'd rise to the occasion and stick it on.

"Then, why don't they come here to register?" with a sharp look.

"Because, if it please your most terrific highness, they have deputed me."

"Have you any baggage?"

Now I have all my life suffered from an excessive modesty, and so, wishing at this

trying juncture to be as humble as possible, I replied, "Only one or two insignificant portmanteaus, sire."

"Then you must pay in advance."

I ventured, in my most respectful manner, to insinuate that that mode of procedure was unusual.

"Is it?" he responded witheringly. "How long are you going to stay?"

"You must excuse me, most potent, grave, and reverend signior; but our movements are rather uncertain."

"You must decide. A day—a week—a month? Look spry now."

"The fact is, your mightiness, I hadn't thought of the matter; but let us say a week. Yes, may I say a week?"

Without answering whether I might or not, he took up a sheet of ruled and headed paper, and began to write.

"One hundred and fifty-seven dollars and sixty cents," he said, presently.

"Ah, yes, I see. Pardon me, my lord, but do you mean that we have to pay that?"

"Guess so. Did you think it was a gratuity to you?"

"N-no, not exactly that. But it seems rather high for a week's lodgings. I'm not accustomed to the ways of your country, your majesty. The sum you name is—why, it is nearly thirty-two pounds of our English money."

"Can't help that. If it's a charitable institution you want, the porter will remove your baggage. This is an hotel."

That closed me up. I paid the cash, feeling a strange sensation in all my members, and returned to my friends a wiser and poorer man.

"That is settled, your Grace," I said to the duke.

"Ah, glad to heah it," he replied; "for I was weally afwaid you had become a fixchaw at the countah."

"You shall hear a tale presently, your Grace, that will move you to wonder," I murmured.

We were then conducted to an elevator, and locked up like convicts in transportation; then we were whirled aloft several storeys, and turned adrift into dusky and devious corridors that seemed to lead everywhere, but in reality led nowhere. After a period of chartless wandering in those labyrinthian passages, and just as we were on the point of begging our negro guide to let us lie down like weary pilgrims and die in peace, he suddenly threw open

three doors in quick succession, and motioning us to enter as we liked, intimated that our baggage would be sent up. It chanced that the door of my room was the last to be opened, and that I was close beside the guide when he was about to turn away. He had a benevolent look in his eye, and, summoning courage, I ventured to ask him a question.

"Who is the illustrious person whom I had the honour of addressing downstairs?" I whispered.

"Do you mean him as stands behind the counter?"

I nodded.

"Why, who'd it be but the hotel clerk?"

I gasped; then, recovering myself a little, I staggered into the room, closing the door to reflect. As, however, I seemed to need assistance in my reflections, I went in search of my companions. They were together in Smith's—I mean the duke's—room, and received me with considerable eagerness.

"Well," said his Grace, forgetting for a moment his ducal manner, in his curiosity, "how did you get on? In the classic phrase of Jonathan himself, did my title strike that chap behind the counter all of a heap? I expect it did. Nothing fetches your Republican like a title."

I could not think of his disappointment without emotion, and my compassion for him almost brought the tears.

"Alas! your Grace," I said, averting my eyes and hanging my head, "it was all the other way. It was I who was struck all of a heap."

He gazed at me in consternation.

"There must be some mistake here," he said with bated breath. "Speak quickly. Give us the particulars."

"Have patience, your Grace," I pleaded. "I am agitated. My feelings have been cruelly torn during the last fifteen minutes. I—your Grace—I cannot utter it—it is too fearful for expression, and the thought of it is maddening."

"Great Heavens, what does this mean?" he exclaimed. "Speak, I command you to speak. Let us know the worst."

"I could not have believed it, your Grace," I said. "It is like a scorpion in my bosom. This day—alack that it should be so! I have seen, I boil to think of it, your Grace—I have seen an Englishman sat on, nay, I have felt him sat on."

"What do you mean?" he asked in a voice of fearful anticipation.

"I mean that the magic of your Grace's name did not work; I mean that I have been insulted,

bullied, badgered. I mean that we are treated like—like what the Americans call shysters—shysters, your Grace, think of it. We have had to pay in advance."

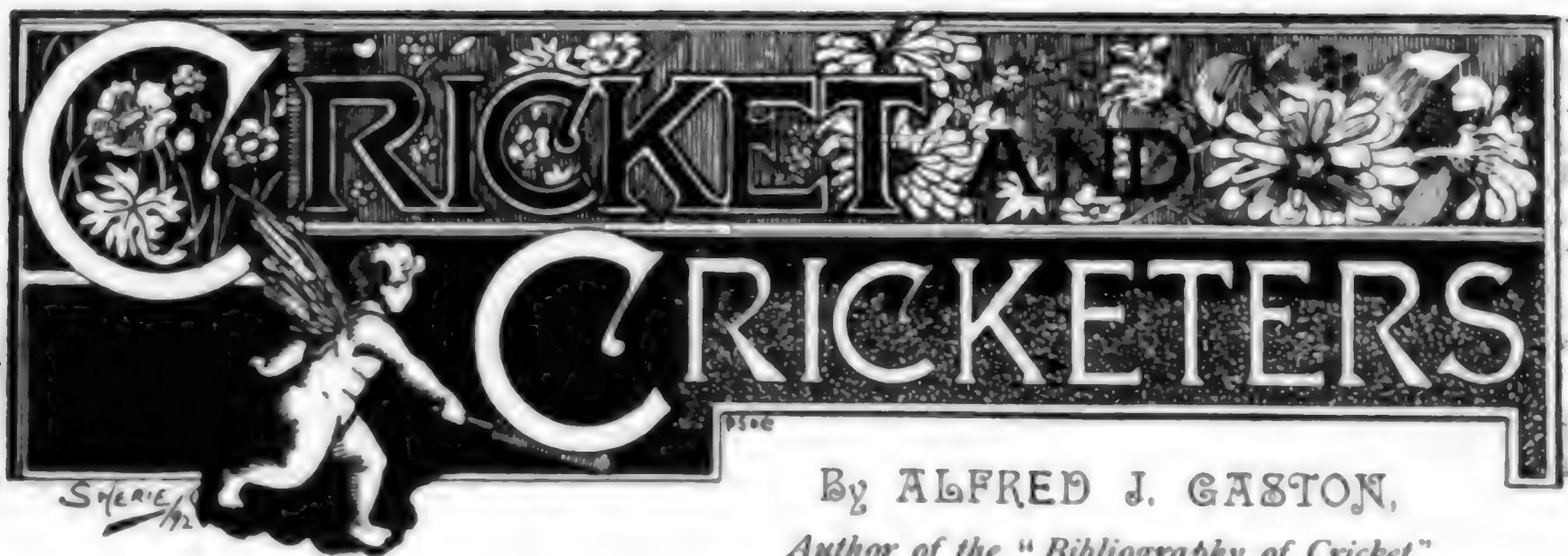
"The magic of my name did not work. We have had to pay in advance," he repeated, clutching his brows tragically. "Ye Gods, we are ruined. This is what comes of entrusting a delicate mission to a fool." And then he tore about the room, pouring out bad language, and looking for something to smash.

(To be continued).



"I MEAN THAT WE ARE TREATED LIKE SHYSTERS, YOUR GRACE."

CRICKET AND CRICKETERS



By ALFRED J. GASTON,
Author of the "Bibliography of Cricket."

SUSSEX COUNTY CRICKET.

The grand all-round improvement of the Sussex County Eleven last season, was especially welcome to all true sportsmen, and upon this happy change in "the order of things," the once famous old cricketing county must be congratulated.

Sussex, the veritable *Sutheaxe* of the South Saxons, can truly boast with Surrey and Hants, of being the pioneers of the "King of Games," and the county possessed cricketers of note, as far back as the middle of the last century. It was Sussex,

"That pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tide,"

that reared Richard Newland, the tutor of Richard Nyren, the head and the right arm of the famous Hambledon Club. Was it not Sussex and Surrey, too, that played All England at Lords, in 1792, and won by the heavy margin of an innings and 299 notches?

Royal associations, too, were connected with early Sussex cricket; for in 1791, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, formed a cricket ground at Brighton, which was afterwards known as "Ireland's Gardens," and it was on this classic ground that the great deeds of the early Sussex champions of cricket were achieved, viz., the deeds of the famous nonpariel Frederick William Lillywhite, Tom Box, the two Broadbridges, Morley, Meads, Lanaway, Pierpoint, and that prince of batsmen, Mr. C. G. Taylor, who is celebrated in verse as "Taylor, the most graceful of all."

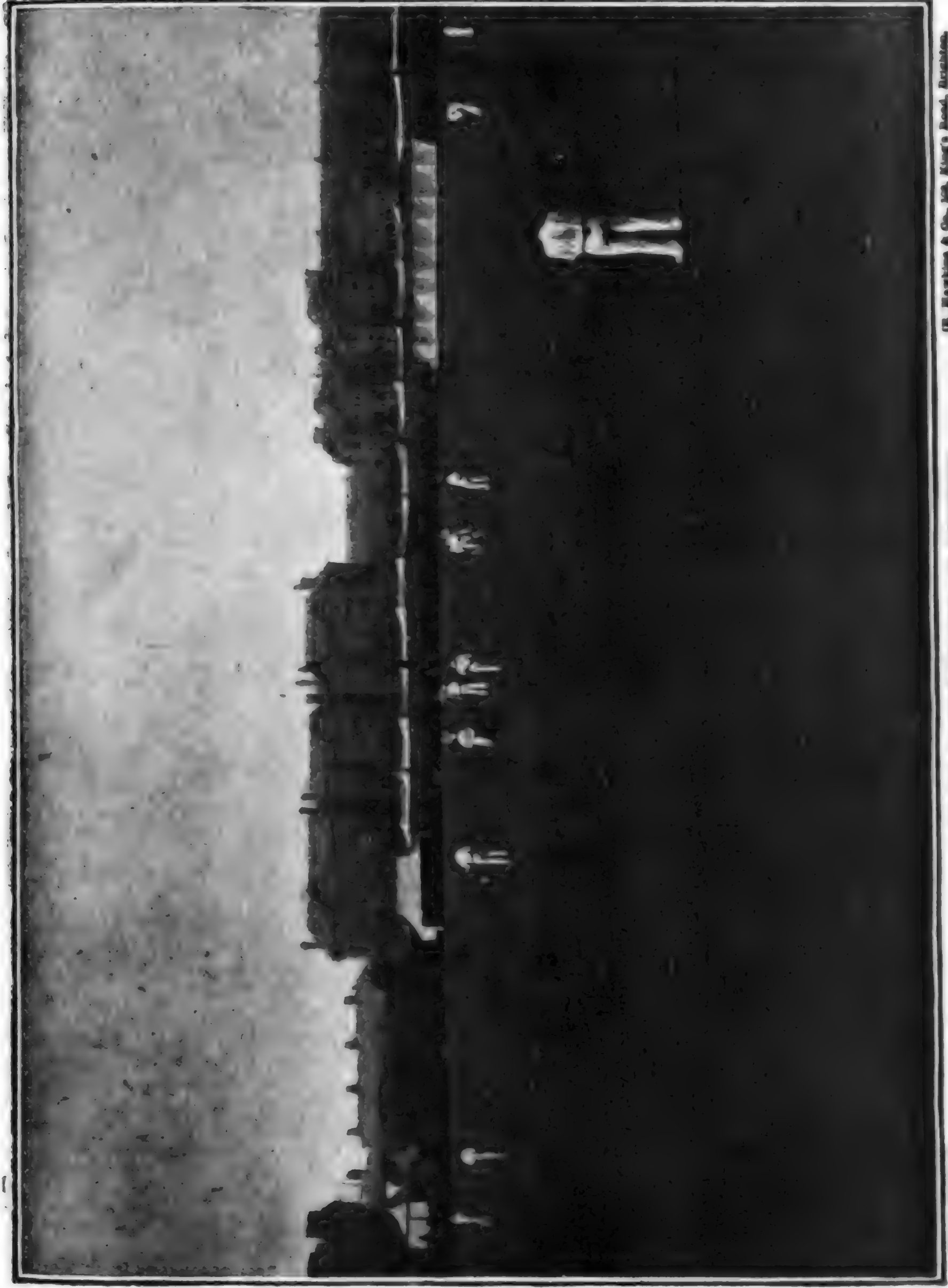
Frederick William Lillywhite (old "Lilly") was a remarkable cricketer, and he must have been wonderfully conscious of his great powers with the ball, for the

following boastful declaration is attributed to him: "When I 'bouls' and Fuller Pilch bats, then you'll see cricket." Lillywhite is even now fresh in memory, for is he not depicted bowling to Pilch in that famous cricket engraving of early days between Sussex and Kent, an engraving which, even now, may be seen in many a pavilion and holstery, not only in cricketing England, but in far off lands.

In the year 1834, a new ground was opened in Brighton—where Montpelier Crescent now stands—and on this ground J. Wisden, "the Little Wonder," and the Lillywhites were the heroes of the day. Speculating builders, however, gained possession, and the ground only existed ten years, but not before the Sussex County Club was formed on a substantial basis, for the 1st of March, 1839, witnessed the formation of a *bona fide* County Club, the first hon. secretary being Mr. George Leopold Langdon, now the venerable rector of St. Mary Cray, in Kent.

In 1848, the celebrated old "Brunswick Ground by the Sea" was opened, and the same year Mr. George W. King, the old Etonian, founded the Brighton Club. No better ground could be found in England as regards the turf and the accuracy of the pitch; and many a well fought contest took place thereon between Kent and Surrey, and the enthusiasm which was evinced, when these counties met to do battle with Sussex is a convincing proof, that in "the early days" inter-county cricket formed the veritable backbone of the game.

In August, 1857, the late Mr. Bridger Stent, the late Mr. H. F. Stocken, Mr. W. Grover Ashby, and Mr. Henry Cooke, formed the present Sussex County Club on more popular lines, the most important districts in the county being represented



(From a Photo by)

SUSSEX COUNTY GROUND AT BRIGHTON.

(E. Rawlinson & Co., Ltd., King's Road, Brighton.)

on the Committee, and from the days of the "fifties," when "Tiny" Wells was in his prime, Sussex has always held a foremost place among first class counties. Naturally the county has experienced "ill luck," but, advancing in decades, notwithstanding the vicissitudes and fluctuations of fortune, Sussex has reared exponents of the game, who will ever have an honoured name among cricketers. In the "sixties" could be mentioned John Lillywhite, C. Payne, Charles Howard Ellis, Henry Stubberfield, and the "man of many counties," the genial "Jemmy" Southerton; while subsequently the Sussex triumvirate, "Jim" Lillywhite, "Dick" Fillery, and Harry Charlwood, under the able captaincy of Mr. C. H. Smith, worthily endeavoured to maintain the honour of the county.

What wonderful stories could be told of the dear "Old Brunswick Ground," where for over twenty years the very best cricketers in England played the game! It was this ground whereon "W. G.," the King of Cricketers, when only sixteen years of age, scored an innings of 170 in 1864. The same ground whereon Mr. Fred Burbidge, of Surrey, scored 181 in 1863, and Griffith, the "lion hitter," an innings of 142; the veritable pitch whereon old Tom Hearne hit 100 runs in eighty minutes for the M.C.C. in 1862; and the same velvet sward whereon Charley Payne scored 137 in 1867, and whereon Oscroft of Notts contributed 107 in 1865. It was the same far-famed Brighton

"carpet" where Mr. H. M. Hyndman (the socialist), Mr. Spencer Leigh, and the gentle "tapper" Mr. C. I. Thornton made their names famous; and above all, it was the same beautiful billiard-like turf facetiously characterised by "W. G." as "sprinkled with beach," whereon he scored that memorable big innings of 217 runs in John Lillywhite's benefit match, just twenty-one years ago.

Crowded out yet once again by the incessant enlargement of the "Queen of Watering Places," the year 1871, when Sussex were champions among first class counties, the County Club had to seek "fresh fields and pastures new," but Dame Fortune still smiled on Sussex, and chiefly owing to the liberality of Mr. Vere Fane Benett Stanford, and the trustees of the Stanford Estate, the present County Ground was secured, the original turf being taken from the old Brunswick Ground by the Sea.

Under the able superintendence of Mr. Henry Cooke, the Sussex Committee obtained plans, and after a crop of barley was "garnered in" in the autumn of 1871, a space, 300 feet square, was specially set apart as a "match ground," and so great was the care bestowed in the initial stages that the Brighton Ground has, for years past, enjoyed the very highest reputation, and it is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest run-getting pitches in the world, a "batsman's paradise." Records upon records have been made upon the Brighton wickets, the



WALTER HUMPHREYS.



From a Photo by]

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

MR. W. NEWHAM.

most remarkable being the marvellous aggregate of 1,402 runs made in the now famous Sussex v. Cambridge fixture last year; and the great fight that Sussex made in that last innings, with 412 runs to get to win, did more for the prestige of Sussex than any previous contest.

The greatest supporter of Sussex cricket is well known, viz., the Right Hon. the Earl of Sheffield, who was unanimously elected as President of the Sussex County Club on the 30th of March, 1879. His lordship has been most beneficent, in his efforts to resuscitate and to advance Sussex cricket. For several years he has, at great expense, secured the services of Alfred Shaw and W. Mycroft to coach promising players, and in the year 1884, the cloud, which had for several years darkened Sussex prospects, passed away, and that year the County Eleven played excellent cricket. The memorable innings of 396 against the Australians, the highest innings scored against the colonists by any county team, will not readily be forgotten, and the wonderful batting display of Mr. G. N. Wyatt and H. Phillips was one of the features of the year; and, as a happy memento of that occasion, a photo of the Sussex County Ground is given, with the Australians in the field, and the two players mentioned above at the wickets. The Sussex lob bowler, Walter Humphreys, too, made his presence felt

on that occasion; in fact, he has been a dangerous "lobbyist" in several fixtures with the Colonials, and although a veteran he still finds a welcome, and a regular place in the Eleven.

In the year 1884, too, the Sussex Eleven had the honour of being captained by Mr. Herbert Whitfeld, the old Cantab; and the Sussex scores of 464 against Kent, 359 against Yorkshire, and 302 against Notts, were the largest totals scored against those counties by any Eleven, and the old county which could once play All England single-handed and win, was once more in the ascendant.

Notwithstanding the cheery aspect of 1884, it was a great blow to Sussex cricket the following year to lose by death the services of John W. Juniper, undoubtedly the very best bowler the county had unearthed for many years. Misfortunes did not, however, end here; for the hand of death subsequently claimed Mr. W. Blackman, and that famous left-hand bat and old Marburian, Mr. F. Murray Lucas, and the Sussex outlook was far from bright. With indomitable pluck, however, the committee still persevered, and last year the "tide turned again," and a most welcome revival was to be observed once more in Sussex cricket.

Before I come to speak of the Sussex Cricket Eleven of to-day, a word must be given to two Sussex captains, viz., Mr. R. T. Ellis and Mr. Herbert Whitfeld.

MR. R. T. ELLIS, an old Brighton College boy, was a few years ago the principal mainstay of the Sussex Eleven. In the year 1880 he was in rare form with the bat, playing two splendid not-out innings against the Australians, and an innings of 103 against Kent, while in his very first appearance for Sussex against Gloucestershire at Clifton in 1877, he scored 73 not out.

MR. HERBERT WHITFELD, the old Etonian and a member of the famous unvanquished Cambridge Eleven of 1878, was born at Lewes on November 25th, 1858. He first appeared for his native county in 1878 against Kent at Tunbridge Wells; and Cambridge and Sussex partisans can well recollect his three-figure innings of 116 for the 'Varsity Eleven, against the Gentlemen of England in 1880, while in the year 1884 he was batting five hours against the full strength of the Yorkshire bowling for a magnificent innings of 80. Mr. Whitfeld has been classed as a batsman of the

"blocking" order, but, notwithstanding this, there was more finish about his cricket than that of the "triple blockade," Barlow, Hall, and Scotton. As a captain, Mr. Whitfeld has had no superior in the history of Sussex cricket. Now for the Sussex Eleven of the year of grace 1892.

MR. WILLIAM NEWHAM. Notwithstanding that he was born at Shrewsbury, in 1860, all his cricket has been identified with Sussex, and it was on Sussex soil, viz., at that once famous nursery for Sussex amateurs, Ardingly College, that "Dick," as Mr. Newham is known by his intimate friends, first learnt the rudiments of the game. He first appeared for Sussex in 1881, and in 1882 he scored his first county century, viz., 101 against Hants. He is a grand specimen of an English cricketer, sinews as strong as those of "W.G.," or of that cricketing giant of the past, Mr. Alfred Mynn, the "lion of Kent."

Mr. Newham has scored more century innings for Sussex than any other player, and last year, in the early part of the season, his batting was exceptionally brilliant. He has won his spurs, having represented the Gentlemen of England against the Players, and also formed one of Shaw and Shrewsbury's team to Australia in 1887 and 1888. Mr. Newham, in addition to his duties as captain, is the genial energetic secretary of the Sussex County Club.



From a Photo by]

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

MR. C. A. SMITH.

MR. CHARLES AUBREY SMITH. A veritable cockney, but, like Mr. Newham, his early cricket tuition came from Sussex. He was educated at Crescent House, Brighton, and Charterhouse College, subsequently graduating at Cambridge University, and was the best with the ball of both Universities in the year 1882. In 1887 he was not far removed from being the best amateur fast bowler in England, and the wide sweep which he usually takes round the wicket ere delivering the ball, has earned for him the *soubriquet* of "Round-the-Corner Smith." He was captain of Shaw and Shrewsbury's team in Australia in 1887-8, and of Major Warton's Cape team in 1888-9, and in the capacity of skipper was wonderfully popular, being one of the best impromptu speakers that ever proposed or responded to a cricketing toast, while as an amateur actor, he is a most worthy disciple of "Will" Yardley, of the Cambridge Eleven of 1869-72. Mr. Smith is also a smart field, and at times a most useful bat.

MR. GEORGE BRANN. Born at Eastbourne, in Sussex, on April 23rd, 1865, has long been recognised as the best "gentle tapper" that ever stood before a popping crease. Ardingly College reared him; and there, in the very heart of the County of Sussex, his exploits both on the cricket and football field are faithfully preserved. When only seventeen years of age, he found a place in the Sussex Eleven, but, like many good cricketers of to-day, his initial match was not a success, in fact he was bowled the very first ball he received. In 1885, however, a grand dashing innings of 99 against Gloucestershire, at Cheltenham, secured him a permanent place, so far as his professional duties would permit, in the County ranks. In 1886, he scored 219 against Hants, and the vigour of his strokes will be readily called to mind, when no less than 140 of that total were obtained in thirty-five hits, while it is not "ancient history" to point out the way in which he "laid on" to the bowling of George Giffen in the Sussex v. Australian contest the same year, and his century innings of 104 was a masterpiece of fast and resolute hitting. With his old school comrade, Mr. W. Newham, he visited Australia in conjunction with Shaw and Shrewsbury's team in the winter of 1887-8; and there in Australia his grand "forcing" play was much admired, and his 118 against Victoria on the Melbourne

SUSSEX COUNTY ELEVEN.



From a Photo by)

BEAN.

TATE.
BUTT.

MARLOW.
HUMPHREYS.

RATES (SCOTT).
W. NEWHAM.

J. HIDE.
C. A. SMITH.

(J. Matthews & Co., 104, King's Road, Brighton.
G. BEAHM.
C. L. WILSON.
W. H. ANDREWS.

Ground, suited the "gallery" immensely; and when the tour was concluded, he had the proud honour of being placed second in the batting averages of a rattling good run-getting side. His best achievement with the bat, however, was at Brighton last year, when, in the record match with Cambridge University, he actually scored 88 not out, and a brilliant and as dashing a three-figure innings, viz., 161 runs, that has ever been made on the Brighton pitch. So modest, however, was he, that when the Cambridge bowling was fairly in "a knot," and the runs coming at a tremendous pace from his bat, he calmly—when his own total was 110—ejaculated to his partner at the wicket, Mr. Andrews, "I think now we can force the game." With Mr. W. W. Read's team at the Cape during the winter, his batting at times was the feature of the tour; and without any attempt at laudation, it may safely be stated that there is not a more dangerous run-getter in the Sussex Eleven, when set, than the "Sussex gentle tapper" Mr. George Brann, while as an outpost in the field, he is brilliant in the extreme.

MR. W. H. ANDREWS. "The most dashing and fearless field that ever put on flannels for Sussex." Such was the general expression of the abilities of Mr. Andrews last year; and certainly in Mr. Andrews the Sussex Eleven can claim the most incomparable mid-off and smartest short-leg that ever stepped into the field in the South of England. Fear he knows not, and his brilliant work as a fieldsman revolutionised the whole Eleven, and the fielding all round of the team, as shown in the Sussex *v.* Middlesex match, at Brighton, last year, has rarely, if ever, been excelled in an inter-county fixture.

MR. GEORGE LINDSAY WILSON. A native of Greater Britain, born at Melbourne, on the 27th of April, 1868, but his cricket training is essentially the work of the old country; and Brighton College, the foster-

ing ground of many a good cricketer, can claim Mr. Wilson as essentially its own, especially as he was the contemporary with Mr. S. M. J. Woods in the school matches of 1885. He first played for Sussex in the "Year of Jubilee," 1887, the fixture being against Yorkshire, and certainly two scores of 24 and 58 was a creditable first appearance. Being six feet in height, he is a dangerous batsman, and his splendid innings of 53 for Oxford, in the 'Varsity match last year, will not readily be forgotten. He is a fine field, an exceedingly useful change bowler, and wonderfully attached to the interests of Sussex cricket.

Now for the backbone of any county

eleven of duration, viz., the professional artificers, and last year standing out in bold relief, was the cricket of

GEORGE BEAN. A Nottingham lad by every association, but one who for several years past has been actively identified with Sussex cricket. Known now, throughout England and Australia, as the "cutting Bean," and his strokes on the off side are certainly wonderful. Last year he did a magnificent performance against his native county, Notts, at Brighton, scoring 145 not out and 92 in the



From a Photo by]

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

GEORGE BEAN.

match, while he had the proud distinction, at the end of the season's cricket, to be placed among the coveted four who obtained 1,000 runs in first class fixtures. His reputation has not been sustained in Australia, with Lord Sheffield's Eleven, as was expected, on the fast Australian wickets; but he is one of the most dangerous bats in the South, a splendid field at cover-point, and a good medium-pace bowler, as his success last year, against Yorkshire, in this latter department, will testify.

WALTER HUMPHREYS. The veteran of the Sussex team, and although his hair is fast turning grey, yet his services are much appreciated. As a lob bowler he has at the present time no equal, and the success

which has attended his lobbs, especially against colonial teams, has been wonderfully marked. He has the nerve of a "Nimrod," and is a wonderfully steady bat on a pitch, while at point, although short of stature, he has put in excellent work. A benefit match was arranged for him last year, Sussex *v.* Gloucestershire, but rain spoilt the treasury department; but, nevertheless, "punter" still smiles, and declares that he can play cricket, not "only for an age, but for all time."

JESSE HIDE. A true prototype of a Saxon, and one of the most popular cricketers in Sussex. He is familiarly known down South as "Our Jess," and has been identified with Sussex cricket for the past decade and a half. Born at Eastbourne in 1857, all his cricket has been identified with the county of his birth, with the exception of his absence as a cricket coach at Adelaide in South Australia from 1879-83, and Jesse can truly lay claim to having done something in the early tuition of such exponents of the game as George Giffen, Lyons, and A. H. Jarvis. He has represented the Players of England *v.* the Gentlemen, and on his day is one of the hardest hitters in the team, and has played some really magnificent innings. He is still a good change bowler, and wonderfully patriotic anent the doings of his county.

FRANCIS WILLIAM MARLOW. One of the most valuable recruits the Sussex Executive have obtained the last few years. At one time identified with Staffordshire, but three years ago he came to Brighton of his own free will, and after duly qualifying was given a trial in the County ranks against M. C. C. A wonderful first match it was too for "Billy," for he scored a three-figure innings, and laid the foundation of a permanent place in the Eleven. He is a splendid field in the "country," and having recently "joined hands" with a Sussex partner, Marlow's whole and sole aim is for the advancement of Sussex cricket.

FREDERICK WILLIAM TATE. Name—christian and surname—in full, so as not to clash with the initials of his co-patriot, Marlow. Tate is a Brightonian, and his facial expression fully denotes that the "Queen of Watering Places," the far-famed "Sunny City of the South," possesses one of the most gentlemanly professional cricketers of the day. In

1888 he did one of the most remarkable "bits of bowling" ever achieved in a first class match; as, playing against Kent at Tunbridge, he actually in sixteen balls captured five wickets for one run. Tate has never forgotten that match, and his only regret now is, that he did not accept Jupp's offer—who was umpire on that occasion—of a "dollar for the ball." Last year, Tate was invaluable in the bowling department, especially against Gloucestershire, Kent, and Middlesex.

H. R. BUTT. The Sussex "Keeper," and a right worthy successor of such dons with the gloves as Harry Phillips, C. H. Ellis, and Tom Box. Bats in a most scientific style, and his innings of 77 on the "Bridges" ground at Nottingham last year was obtained in first-class form. He is young, and with care a brilliant future is before him.

I cannot close without a slight reference to the way in which Mr. W. H. Dudney has, when his services have been required, supported the county. For this noble act Mr. Dudney, known as "Dudney's Entire," has received the special thanks of the Sussex Executive, and as a wicket-keeper, batsman and field, he is an excellent reserve. Next year, too, the famous Australian, Mr. W. L. Murdoch, will assist Sussex, and with the inclusion of Frank Guttridge, who has now qualified, the Sussex outlook is more hopeful than ever.



From a Photo by]

[E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.

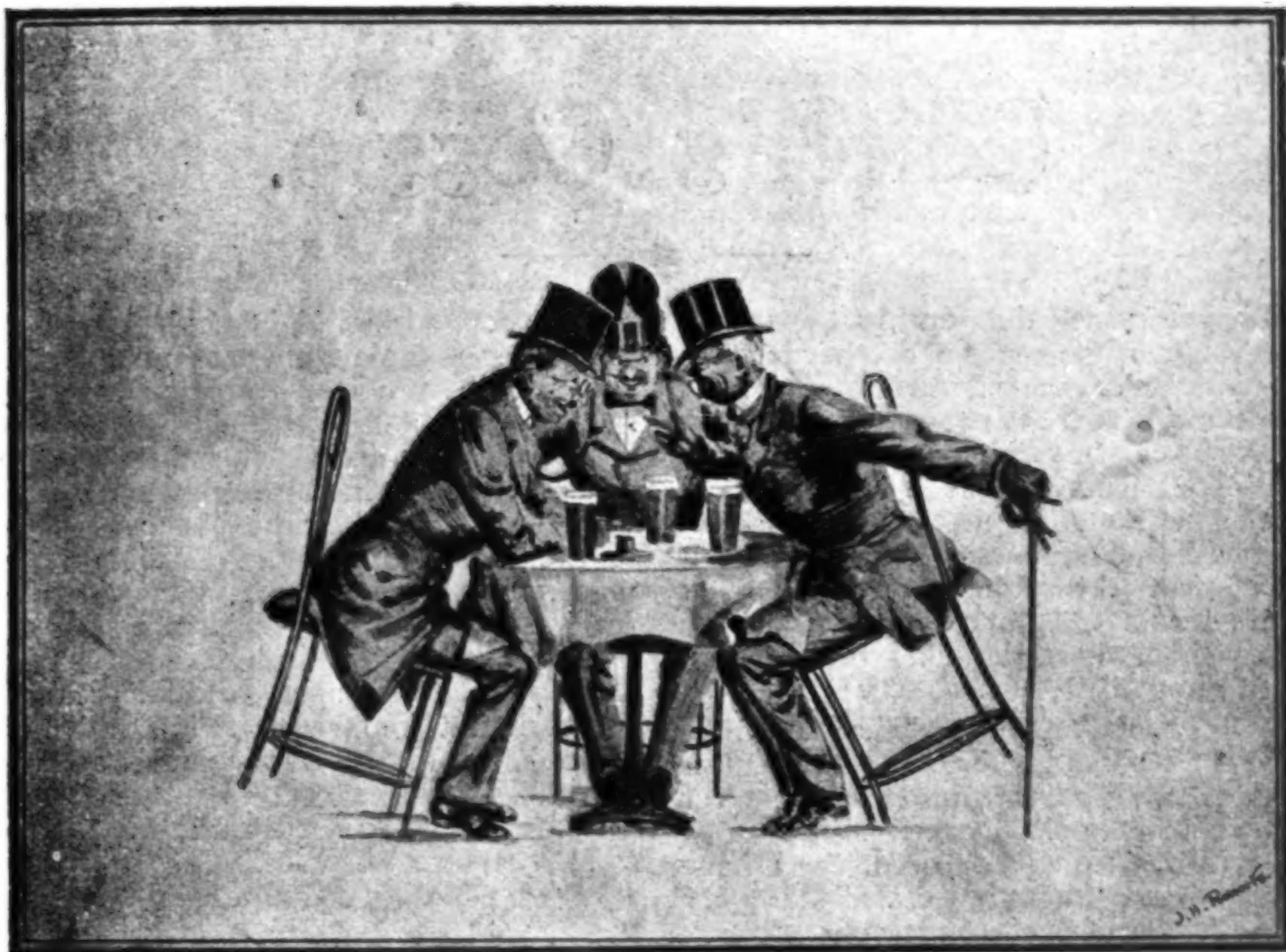
F. W. TATE.



No. 1.—THE INTRODUCTION.

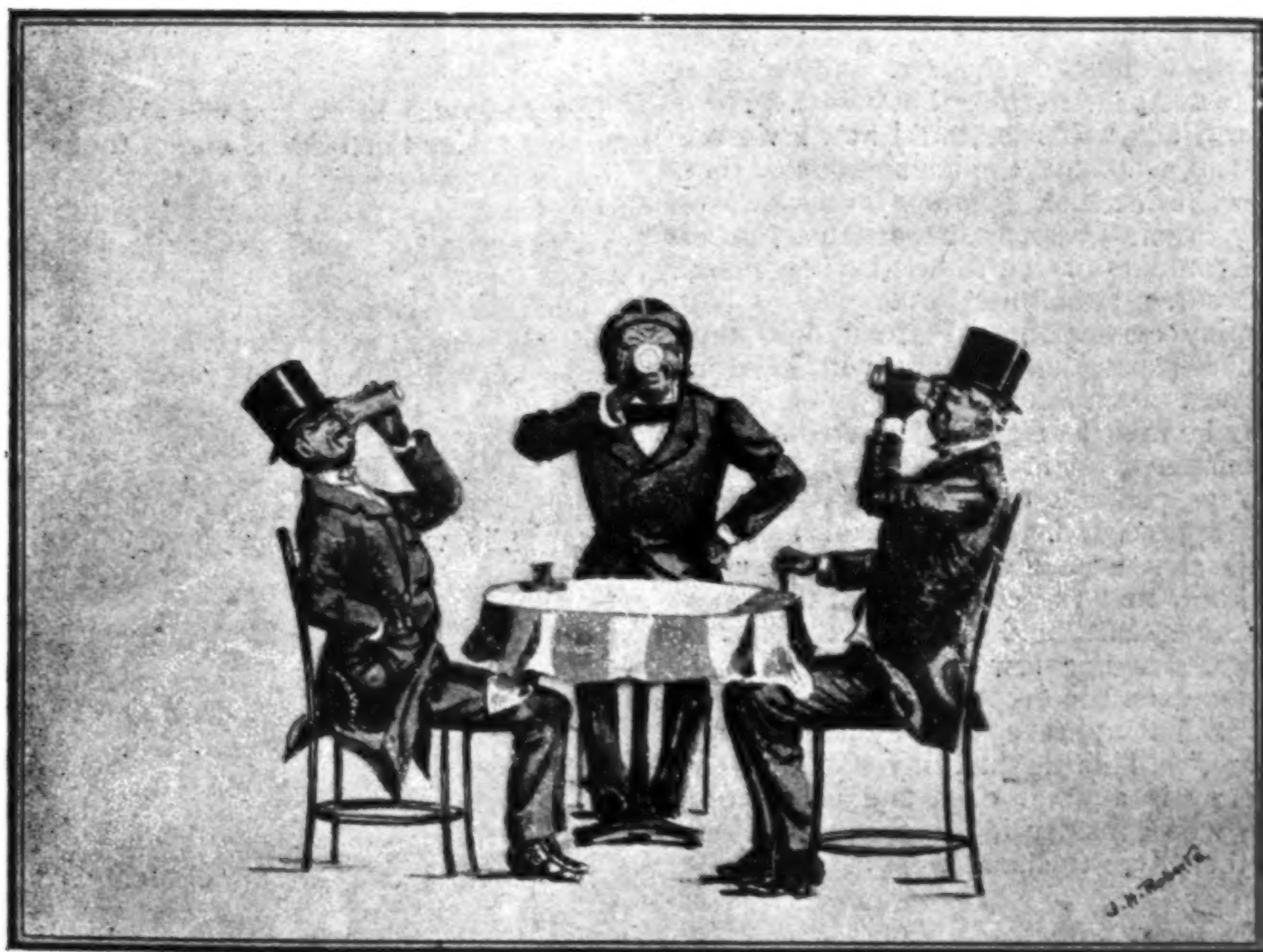


No. 2.—CONVERSATION FLAGS.



No. 3.—A BIT OF SCANDAL.

12



No. 4.—GENERAL CHEERFULNESS.

Editor's Gossip.

I have an idea that during the spring and summer, the songs and other musical bits published each month are somewhat neglected. There is not the same opportunity or desire to sit down at the piano and play them over. We are more out of doors; cricket, tennis, boating, and a hundred and one open air pleasures call us abroad. I may be wrong, but I don't think I am. Anyhow, for the nonce we will banish our song, and in its place, what?

* * *

Well, I should like to devote the last page or two each month to gossip. Over twelve months have now passed since THE LUDGATE first appeared, and I hope it is now considered an old friend. My present purpose is to endeavour through these notes to get into closer touch with my readers; to find out what they like or dislike. "One is never too old to learn," is one of the wise saws taught us in our youthful days (by the bye, many of these old saws are anything but wise). However, I admit this one, and I now invite one and all, who have the inclination and time, to write me their opinions and views on any article or story in particular, or on the contents of the MONTHLY in general. Of course, I shall not be able to reply to all my correspondents direct, but their criticisms and suggestions will have my earnest attention: and any points that may be raised of general interest, will be commented on in the next issue. It is always pleasant to feel that one's efforts are appreciated. The cynical may exclaim that it should be sufficient for me, to know that the circulation of the magazine increases, and that the threepenny pieces are my reward; true, this is to some extent correct, but how often do we hear the phrase, "money is not everything." This is just my feeling now. Money is a great deal, and some there are who consider it the one great object of their lives to amass wealth.

* * *

There is, unquestionably, a very satisfactory feeling in the knowledge that your

bank account is all right, and that most things purchasable are within your reach. But is there not also much pleasure in hearing one's doings praised? When an old friend writes me that he "thought that so and so's story in the last number was very clever," or that "the illustrations to this or that article pleased him very much." Of course, such commendation really belongs to the individual author or artist who brings forth the plaudits of the reader, but it does me good to know it. I feel then that life is worth living, and this slight mead of appreciation gives me as much pleasure as the knowledge that the sales of THE LUDGATE last month went up so many thousand copies.

* * *

I am "very human," as Mr. Wills makes Mrs. Charnelhouse say in "Her Portrait," and we most of us like to know that our friends and neighbours think well of us.

* * *

En passant, I think you will agree with me that "Her Portrait" is one of the best novels Mr. Wills has yet written. It is what one may term a natural story, full of everyday life and lively moving incidents, woven together with masterly touch.

The illustrations, by G. A. Storey, A.R.A., present the characters to the reader in the image intended by the author, and so give additional interest to the story.

Collaboration is the order of the day in literary and artistic matters, and in this instance is worked out with very happy effect.

* * *

What a revolution has taken place in illustrated publications during the last few years; compare the magazines and periodicals of to-day with those of a few years back. Where one was illustrated then, a dozen are now, and the quality to-day is most distinctly higher in artistic merit.

Supply and demand, undoubtedly, rule the production of the literary and art world, in very much the same manner as they do cotton or bricks. The public ask

for, or show their appreciation of, any particular article, and *presto*, it is served up in all sorts of shapes, and to suit all tastes.

• • •

All this is good for trade. The omnivorous capacity of the world for assimilating such vast amounts of literary matter, in the varied forms of newspapers, novels, journals, weeklies, magazines, and the host of other publications, employs many thousands of workers, from the rag-picker to the bookseller.

• • •

Let us cursorily glance at the rough details of producing a book or magazine. Take the paper with which it is printed first. The raw materials are many; rags, grass, fibre, wood, and if rumour lieth not, clay and other adulterants, are used in its manufacture. Most of the grass, fibre, and wood come from abroad, thus benefiting the growers and the shipowners in bringing them home. The turn of the paper mill then comes, and the rough wood, or whatever may be used, is mashed up, and various chemicals added to bleach and clean the pulp, before it comes forth paper. The type founder, printer, binders and stitchers (the two latter mostly women and girls), all have their turn, before the finished work is put out into the hands of the booksellers and news-vendors, to take its place on our tables and bookshelves, and to light the kitchen fire, or to be sold back to the rag dealer, and so perhaps start its round again.

• • •

J. W. R. wrote me last month, asking if I intended to continue the articles on famous Cricket Grounds. Yes, I am, and he will have seen that the series recommenced in May with Notts, and a very interesting article by Arthur Shrewsbury. I am exceedingly pleased to know that these cricket sketches have "caught on." I hope to conclude the whole of the first class counties this season. The girls seem to like them equally well, especially the photograph reproductions of the members of the teams. I take it that most families have a cricketing brother or cousin, or other male friend, who keeps them up to the doings of his favourite pastime.

• • •

The counties of Surrey and Middlesex were given in the "Ludgate" numbers of

August and September last. Sussex is in the current month's issue, and Kent, Gloucester, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Somerset I hope to produce during the coming summer months.

• • •

Have you had the "Boom-de-ay" fever? I have, and now with malice aforethought, I have conspired with one, George Hughes, to make sure that you catch its contagious rhythm. If you have not, already, succumbed to this all-pervading epidemic, there is no chance for your escape now. And if you have had it you must now suffer a relapse, which I sincerely trust will not be attended with fatal consequences. Its influence once felt, you are its slave; it is as bad as the opium habit; its effects are maddening in the obtrusiveness with which it haunts you, once it has made you a captive. It is floating round me as I write.

• • •

Londoners will, perhaps, think it rather a waste of space and time to say anything here about Kiralfy's Venice in London; if so, they may pass over this paragraph. I have just returned from a second visit to this most marvellous reproduction of the "Bride of the Adriatic." Truly it is a sign of the age we live in, when we have brought, almost to our doors, such a replica of the world-renowned city of palaces and canals. Walking along the narrow footways you might, without exaggeration, fancy that a good fairy had dropped you down in the heart of Venice, so realistic does the whole spectacle appear. The gondolas, propelled by Venetians in their picturesque dress, glide silently and swiftly in and out the nooks and twistings of the canals, whilst here, and there, one comes across a troupe of singers, with their mandolins and guitars sounding sweet and quaint as their voices travel over the water. The immense ballet and dramatic representation, on the enormous stage, must be seen to be justly realised. The whole forms a spectacle, once seen, will never be forgotten. If you have not yet been to see it, take my advice and do so at your first opportunity.

• • •

By the way, the improvement alike in the quality of the entertainment, and the class of people who now frequent music

halls, is very marked, compared with twenty, and even ten years ago. The so-called artistes of twenty years ago, blatant, vulgar, and frequently indecent, would not be tolerated by an up-to-date London audience. A *fin de siècle* artiste, to command success, must possess unmistakable talent, and offer a more or less artistic entertainment.

* * *

And there is far less drinking than formerly in music halls. Many ladies, however, find the smoke trying to their eyes and temper, and a still greater advance in the calibre of both artiste and audience would take place could the ventilation in this respect be improved upon.

* * *

It is the fashion to deride the London County Council, and especially the committee who sat literally, and figuratively, upon the music halls. But, although individual members carried the purity fad too far, and rendered themselves supremely ridiculous, pace the Aquarium marionettes and Zæo's back, yet withal, a distinctly better tone has sprung into being, as a consequence of their action, so that suggestiveness, and indecency, seem likely to die a natural and unlamented death, from want of support from both the audience and management. This is, as it should be, and a man may now take his wife, sister, or sweetheart to some music halls—there are a few black sheep yet—without causing them to blush in shame.

* * *

Nevertheless, drunkenness is too much simulated on the music hall stage, and Bacchanalian ditties are given too great a prominence. Young people should not have the idea imbued in their minds, that intoxication is a venial offence, whilst any lady (?) artiste who feigns a drunken gait or speech, should be vigorously hissed off the stage. What in a man is but a comparative offence, in a woman is far more reprehensible.

* * *

Another thing I saw, recently, at the Tivoli and Alhambra I thought objection-

able. It was a convict's ditty, sung and acted by a performer in convict's dress, and I thought it a pity, that theft and crime should be thus familiarised to the unthinking. It is an undeniable fact that notoriety in such things gives birth to imitative criminals.

* * *

But these are specks on the sun, which time will disperse. People now go to music halls who never went before, and I take it the reason is, that modern competition in business is so severe, that men go to be amused, not to think and ponder over motives, abstract ideas, and social and sexual problems. These we have always with us. What most of us want, sometimes, is an entertainment that we can take as it comes—that will lift us bodily out of our own thoughts as to profits and losses, and give the mind temporary freedom from care and thought, to the certain benefit of our nerves.

* * *

It is a pleasing sign of the times, that greater attention is being given to rational amusement, and this leads me to plead, that more of the irregular, and uneven places on our commons and open spaces should be levelled, and re-turfed, to form cricket and football pitches. Of course the furze, gorse, and trees, and other natural beauties should be left undisturbed; what I plead for is, a further provision for manly sports in the interests of the health of the community.

* * *

I recently noticed that a large hollow space, in one corner of the north side of Wandsworth Common was being filled up, and is presumably to be re-turfed, and a fine cricket pitch thereby provided, at which my soul rejoiced. I now have hopes, that the Parks Committee of the County Council, will yet do what ought to have been done years ago by the Metropolitan Board of Works, viz., bestir themselves to utilise, to its fullest extent, every waste and open space in the Metropolis.